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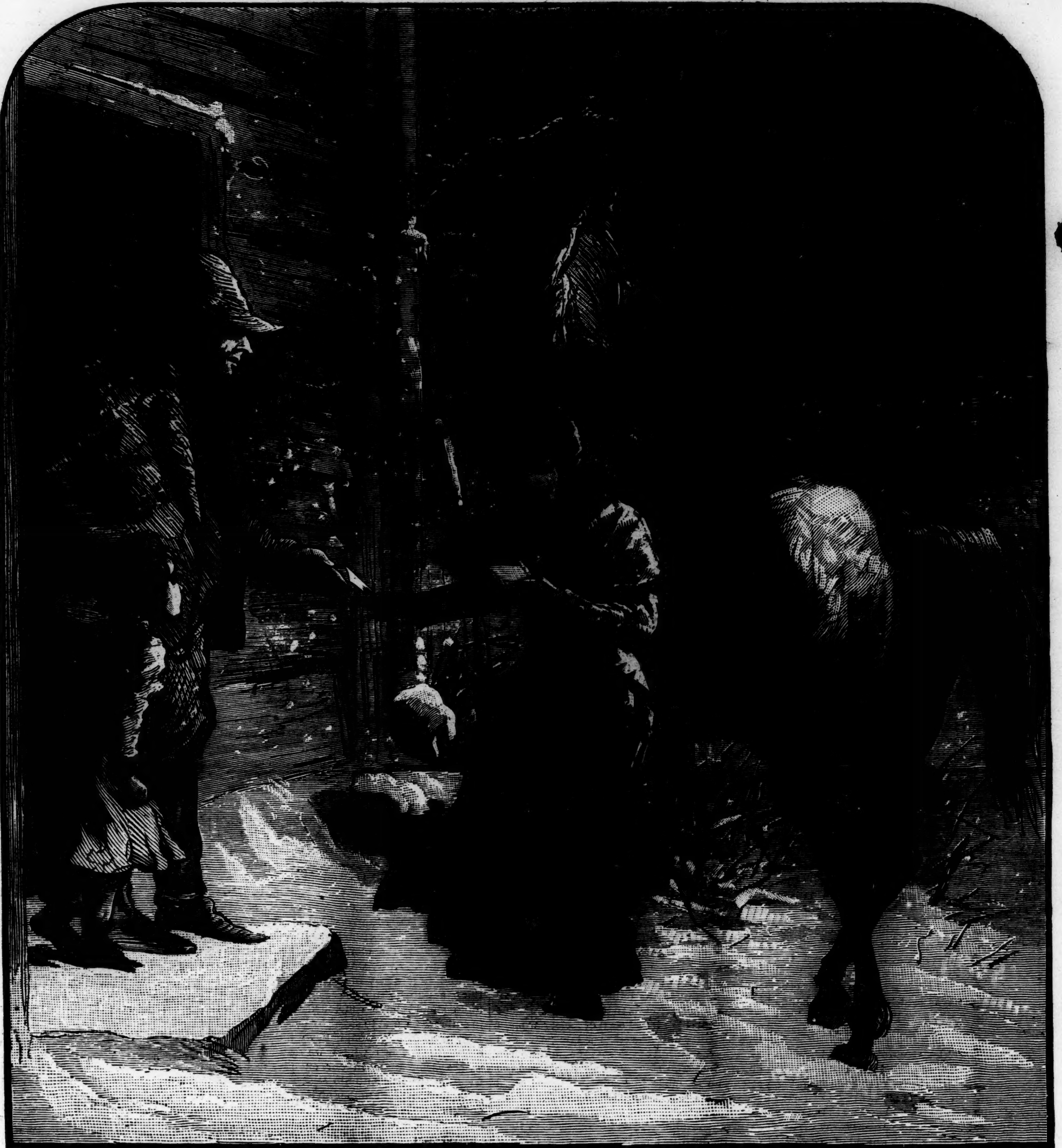
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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MAIL CARRIER AND MASHER.

HOW AN INDEPENDENT YOUNG WOMAN, WHO WASN'T AFRAID OF WIND OR WEATHER, DREW PAY FROM UNCLE SAM AND GOT A SUSCEPTIBLE PILLAR OF THE CHURCH IN TROUBLE; BLUE EARTH, MINN.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

There is only one POLICE GAZETTE, and it is published by RICHARD K. FOX, at the new POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House, Franklin Square and Dover Street. Our immense and steadily increasing success

HAS INSPIRED IMITATION

on the part of numerous feeble and unscrupulous publishing houses, and the public will do well to see that they are not imposed on by any of these parasites who hope to live upon our reputation.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

THE Passion Play has effects true to its title. It seems to have put every one in a passion.

THAT Star Route blather and scandal seems interminable. It's the root of some, if not all, evil.

LABOUCHERE's gone on her homeward trip and Langtry's gone on Freddie. Eternal fitness of things!

THE list of mysterious disappearances is still on the increase in New York. The abduction business is booming with a rush this early in the season.

BEECHER has been testifying on "corners," and "futures" in wheat. He could find nothing wrong in such dealing. For our part, though, we see no difference between an ingrain gambler and a gambler in grain.

THE medical students in Chicago are more dainty than the students of Philadelphia. The latter devote themselves to stealing dead niggers, while the former run away with live white girls, selecting young and pretty ones every time at that.

THE young Bostonians who made a bet on Langtry's weight had to call it a draw, for when asked to step on the scales the Lily indignantly replied that she didn't come to America to give herself a weigh. She didn't regard Gebhard as of any weight, it seems.

THE country school-teacher in Ohio and the west generally has no easy life of it. While he is teaching the young idea how to shoot he must look out that he doesn't get shot, and if he fails to carry a bowie-knife within easy reach his pupils are likely to mop the floor with him.

THE enterprise of the POLICE GAZETTE is proven again in this issue. We present the portrait of Langtry's Freddy Bolls, which it was declared impossible to obtain. When our artists and reporters go for a point there is no barrier that can keep them out. There is no secret that can hold out against our artistic and journalistic magic.

THE best love songs in which the charms of Dulcinea are dwelt on are now written by women, you will remark, if you inspect the poet's corner in the newspapers. Men have tumbled; women find it politic to keep up the fallacy. We'll have the girls suing for the hands of the beaux in marriage pretty soon if the boys go on progressing in wisdom at this rate.

DR. TALMAGE kicks and raises a howl because a fellow out west is preaching his sermon. Who knows? Perhaps Talmage stole the other fellow's sermon and is only bluffing to save himself. Suppose it would be cruel to the other fellow! What do those parsons care? When they're cornered they'll do anything to get out. Didn't Beecher bluff the other fellow who said he caught him with his wife? Didn't he allege it was the other fellow who was "off-color" morally and not himself? What reason is there for supposing Talmage is a bigger chump than Beecher when he finds himself in a hole?

How they love us, those snide newspapers of Texas. Want to see us in jail, do they? Why not in Heaven at once? It would be tough fortune on us to be sent to the regions of bliss where we would be compelled to associate for all time with moral editors and parsons. We're thankful we haven't been boxed up and shipped right off to St. Peter. You just bet we are.

THE high old goings on of parties of highly moral American tourists in the Holy Land are given away in another column by an ex-courier and interpreter who accompanied them all through. According to his revelations these people go on holy pilgrimages to have an obscene racket. And oh, the things he touches on! Good gracious! We would never have thought it.

THE Jersey Lily's Freddie got the grand shake from Miss Jerome, daughter of Leonard, of New York. Her reason for giving him the mitten was orthographical. She soured on him because he sent her a note, accompanying a present, requesting Miss J. to accept some "frute." She couldn't marry a man who had such "spells" as that. Langtry is not so dainty, it seems. Everything he writes her spells "boodle," and that's a good enough language for her.

Now it turns out that Mrs. Labouchere went to Virginia only to begin a divorce suit against her husband. What did we say of this Langtry-Labouchere mob six months ago, when their coming was announced with the design of making them the "stars" of our best society? Didn't we say they were off color, the whole set, and didn't we warn our people that if they took up with such off-casts of the British nobility they would do it with their eyes wide open, after the fair revelations we made? Haven't our words been verified by the irregularities of not only Langtry but Labouchere? It will be a cold day, indeed, when the POLICE GAZETTE allows its public to get left by any such crowd as this! Play us for suckers, will they? Well, we guess not.

THE pulpit has opened its batteries on Mrs. Langtry. Rev. J. D. Fulton, in his sermon preached on Sunday, Dec. 17, accused her of all sorts of naughtiness, and said even that the burning down of the Park Theatre on the night she was to have made her debut was a warning sign from Heaven and a declaration from the Deity of an intention to broil the beauteous debutante in hell-fire hereafter. The Rev. Fulton vehemently assured her, too, that the thing is fixed and there is no escape. Well, old man, we're glad we are assured such beautiful company down below, but we think the authorities you profess to represent are making a big mistake in losing Langtry. We're sure she'd be an attraction to the region of seraphs, and we're dead certain she'd make a better looking angel than Fulton would. And she'd save more souls, too, if she were engaged to do the angelic roles. The devil is getting all the best talent for his show, not to speak of the beauty.

THE biblical characters in Sheeny Salmi's Passion Play, which was so long preparing for production in New York, had a grand row after they had progressed as far as the last week of rehearsals. When it came to Judas getting into a slogging match with the Levite, and Joseph advising the Apostles to sit on the curtain and refuse to let it rise until they got a stake, we think it was getting sacred history down too fine in realism. A Marquis of Queensbury set-to, we take it, is rather too broad an anachronism for the New Testament. If it had been the Old, and it had been David and Goliath who had a little set-to, we might have let it pass, but when it comes to Judas and Joseph, we won't have it. In fact there is no record to the effect that either even put up his hands, and we're not going to allow Salmi to revise them and the Testament to suit the dramatic exigencies. Get down to hard pan, old man, or you'll get badly left on your biblical racket, dead sure.

If Rose Tevis, the strawberry blonde society leader of St. Louis, who went silly crooked and artfully broke up families with her evil eye, had been an actress, what a pointer there would have been for the parsons to decry the stage. Thus the press organs of the drama tune their editorial solos. But let us enlighten. This society dame was the very class that actresses are made of. It is this high toned class of society woman who has come upon the stage of late years and brought the morals of the Tevis boudoir to the greenroom. The stage was all right until the attempt was made to "refine" it by injecting the society element with its tony ladies of the Tevis character figuring on the boards in their extravagant toilettes, and the Igleharts of their following lurking about the stage door to carry on their flirtations with them. We expect the next thing to hear that Mrs. Tevis has gone on the stage—that is the natural law of social gravitation—and we only wonder she didn't debut long ago, being so ripe for it. Langtry succeeds—why shouldn't she?

THE Post Office Department refuses to allow letter carriers to wear overcoats. What blasted red tape nonsense! Must a man freeze because he carries the mails? The talk about a carrier being able to keep himself warm by walking fast through a January blizzard is all rubbish. The old fogies who prescribe this winter undress should get a liberal dose of their own medicine.

OHIO spurts far to the front in the rivalry of sensational crimes. The case of the school-teacher of Guernsey county, in that State, who whipped out a bowie-knife and carved up two refractory pupils, double discounts anything in the sensation murder line that is reported from any section thus far in the season. It would tax the ingenuity of even Texas cowboys to equal this.

JIM O'NEILL was the original Saviour in the Passion Play when it was presented in San Francisco. Ever since he has been trying to accomplish miracles, leading to the suspicion that he thought himself thoroughly identified with his part. It would require some sort of magic to make his drama, "The American King," pass muster. The only person who seems to have been taken with the play is Jack Haverly—but then the King always takes the Jack.

ISN'T this a merry winter the POLICE GAZETTE has arranged for you in the sporting line? Just cast your eyes about you and see what is going on. There's slogging going on among the boys all around the pugilistic circle, and in the arena the blithesome wrestlers are standing each other on each other's respective heads with a vigor, grace and pertinacity that makes things exceedingly pleasant. Oh, we understand all the magic necessary to revive arts and sciences in their decadence and to set them flourishing as they never flourished before. This is all our work, and we look back at its progressive stages with a keen delight founded on justifiable pride.

SUPERINTENDENT WALLING, of the New York police, evidently finds the pace of the times too fast. This world's wickedness is likely to get ahead of him if he do not mend his gait and keep up with the frisky nymph of crime that flutters about the metropolis. We fear Walling is growing weary, or else is too old to go dodging through the intricate, crooked byways of the New York criminals with the energy and rapidity necessary to make a winning race every time. Walling has made his record, and a bright one it is. He should retire while it is at its culminating point and give place to new ambition and fresh energy, such as would be developed by Inspector Murray, for instance, who is the next in the line of promotion. Yes, by Jove! That's an idea! Why not Murray in command of our police? That would make the crooks sick. They'd emigrate when they heard the news.

WE are so sorry for the combination of hypocrites who run the San Antonio (Texas) Daily Express. They are in a bad way, indeed. They are shocked by the success of the POLICE GAZETTE and want Richard K. Fox sent to Sing Sing for ten years. Our heart bleeds for these poor devils, indeed, for they have no more chance of being gratified than had that bawling brat that cried for the moon as a plaything. The especial reasons these densely ignorant cowboy journalists have for consigning us to a dungeon cell is our friendship for Jem Mace and our invitation to him to come here and spar with Sullivan. The asinine editor of the Express hopes the pugilists will kill each other and that we may be sent up for ten years to complete the Kilkenny cat tableau. With journalistic prejudice, however, these amiable cowboy brethren of ours let us down very easily, and we are thankful. They might have wished us hanged for it, you know, or again, they might have suggested that the fighters might kill not only each other but their patron and backer. We are extremely obliged to these amiable cowboys for not including Richard K. Fox in the slaughter. It was really kind of them to suggest only ten years in State prison instead, and the more we look at it the more we are satisfied with their course. Every way we turn the situation we find it pleasant and charitable. Suppose those asses who run the Express of San Antonio should have concluded to endorse us, to embrace us, and to swear by us! Oh, horror! How ashamed it would have made us feel among the friends whom we respect. Truly, we are as fortunate in our enemies as in our friends. The San Antonio Express has happily let us off from the number of its beloved ones, and in doing it has done a double-headed favor—it has at once written itself down an ass and quieted our apprehensions that it might fling itself into our arms some day and insist on embracing us. Thank Heaven we are rid of the love of that mob of journalistic vagabonds. When are the others that we know of going to declare themselves flat-footed against us and relieve our mind? The sooner the better.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Allegory Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

Now is a good time to sacque your wife.

THE latest thing out—The man with the latch-key.

A WOMAN never so envies a man as when she mounts a horse.

GIRLS, like opportunities, are all the more to you after being embraced.

WHAT are twins good for? Good for cannibals to eat philopenas with.

SPEAKING of rare coins, a twenty-dollar gold piece is rare enough with most men.

IT takes a girl about four hours longer to wash the front windows of a house than the back windows.

EARTH has nothing softer than a woman's heart, unless, perhaps, it be a tomato in the prime of life.

GIRLS are more courageous than men. They are ready to make a match with a fellow twice their size.

A HINT to church members—If the minister has bad children, make his Christmas slippers double soled.

UNLIKE the peach the pit of the oyster is the sweetbread. It is a very queer kind of fruit, so to speak.

WHY do girls kiss each other, while boys do not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss and the boys have.

AN exchange says no woman ever yet has been cruel enough to work the motto, "God bless our boarding house."

SOMEBODY says "ballet girls are not so bad as they are painted!" We should hope not! They are painted frightfully!

THE worst thing about kissing a Pittsburg girl is that you carry the marks of coal dust about your nose and other features until you reach the nearest pump.

A MAN who holds his opera glass in both hands with his elbows sticking out on both sides, is preferable to a lady with a big hat at the theatre. You can kick the man.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS has been considered the mark of a great man, but a fellow never feels very big about it when he lugs a napkin away from the table in his handkerchief pocket.

ATA collection lately made at a charity fair, a young lady offered the plate to a rich man noted for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was his curt answer. "Then take something, sir," she replied. "You know I am begging for the poor."

AN English brewer observing one of his men wearing the total abstinence blue ribbon, suggested that it seemed somewhat inconsistent with his line of business. "Well, sir," he said, "you see it makes folks like to tempt me, and then I succumb."

A YOUNG gentleman, who was looking over a pretty girl's shoulder while she was playing cards, observed: "What a lovely hand!" "You may have it if you want it," murmured she, and all the rest of the evening he was wondering what her intentions were.

A BRIDE complained to her husband that she had been too busy all day to get off her feet once, and that unhappy man, who had already discovered several "make ups" in her construction, exclaimed in amazement, "Great heavens, do they come off, too?"

A YOUNG gentleman who was pledged to take a young lady to a party remarked to her on the afternoon previous to the event that he was going home to take a sleep, in order to be fresh. "That's right," she replied, "but do not sleep too long." "Why?" he asked. "Because," she answered, "I do not want you to be too fresh."

AN Irishman who had been contending that a mule was a nobler animal than a horse was pressed to explain his preference, and thereupon acknowledged that a mule had once saved him from drowning. "How was that, Paddy?" asked one of the bystanders. "Faith he gave me such a lick wid his hind leg that he landed me on the other side of the canal instead of in it."

MURRAY HILL society is greatly excited over the elopement of a daughter of a wealthy retired merchant with a scion of one of the first families of Virginia. The fugitives took passage last Wednesday for the West Indies, and the bridegroom is said to have selected the tropics in which to pass the honeymoon in consequence of his discovery that the bride has cold feet.

"HAVE you any muffs?" asked a Western girl to a clerk in a metropolitan fur store. The polite counter-jumper presented several of the latest fashionable size. "Have you none bigger?" "They ain't making them bigger this season," he explained. "I'm sorry," she added gravely, "I wanted one at least large enough to hold three hands, and these won't hold two," and she walked out mentally guessing that Charley would have to do all his squeezing this winter under her shawl.

"I HAVE come to kill you," said a man entering an Arkansas newspaper office, drawing a pistol and confronting the editor. "You published an article derogatory to my character and it is my duty as a husband and father to kill you." "I am glad of it," the poor editor replied. "I was just thinking of committing suicide." "Well, if that's the case let's go down and take something." "Now you move me to emotion," and the two deadly enemies went out together. And yet some people are in favor of prohibition.

LAST month a Brooklyn girl received a present of a diamond cluster ring from her sweetheart. She took it to a jeweler and ascertained that the gem was a Rhinestone, worth about \$1.75. During his visit the following evening no allusion was made to her discovery, but having inclosed the ring in a note she managed to slip it into his coat pocket surreptitiously. On reaching home the very first thing that he detected was her missive, which read as follows:

I have no right to it is costly gift. The cold weather is coming on and you may need it. Call and see me seventeen or eighteen years from next Sunday night.

AMELIA

STAGE WHISPERS.

Several Dignified Dramatic Snides taken Down from their High Horses.

Old Clo' Methods of Tricking Fame and the Crooked Arts and Morals of the "Fakes."

GAWK GRAHAM, under the eye of his sisterly guardian, is doing the Missouri circuits, supported by little Minnie and small John. The Gawks, the Midgots and the Chimpanses—there's a menagerie for you.

POOR old Sammy of the Entrails! He must be on his last legs indeed when he has to cast the opera singer, Mrs. Reed, in the "Taken From Life" enormity. Pretty tart, this, for Sammy, we must say.

AFTER Sergeant Ballentine, Gilbert & Sullivan's "Iolanthe" model, had delivered his serio-comic lecture in New York the opera plotters raised the price of reserved seats at the Standard Theatre to two dollars a head.

WINDY CHARLEY has got out of Chicago alive and has gone touring the far west with his company of English "fakes." He'll get no military parades when he arrives in Leadville and Tokpeka and such towns, but he may be offered the hospitalities of many clubs. That's all that Wyndham wants now—a club—and he wants it bad.

MARGARET MATHER, as if determined to prove herself artistically dead indeed, came all the way east to play in the Novelty Theatre, Williamsburg. That settled her, of course. That was enough to make a corpse of any artistic body, however robust. The remains, we understand, have been taken back to Chicago by the mourning Hill. The Williamsburg funeral was a very mournful one but the mourners present were not many.

THE Union Square Theatre has evidently outgrown its vices. It is too old to indulge in youthful follies or cases of flagrant spiciness. It had a very rich record of naughtiness in its youth—a peculiarly rich one—and its sudden lapse into the dreary ways of cast-iron virtue can be accounted for only on the ground of a general decadence of forces—not on inherent virtue.

THAT remarkably frisky young person, Miss Vernona Jarbeau, has come to the surface again. Having disappeared from the stage for some time she is now "acting-out" in the private boxes of city theatres. It appears she is concerned in the management of Booth's or has a lien on the lease or something professional like that. She is connected with the profession still in some roundabout way on which we do not choose to make any speculations. It wouldn't be a bad or an inartistic idea for this artist to put the soft pedal down once in a while, or the public may conclude she is too loud.

THAT oily old man, McVicker, of Chicago, while professing the philanthropic and while beaming benevolently on the public and his brother managers, is scooping in everything. Most of the Chicago peacocks of the drama, including Col. Jack Haverly and Dick Hooley, are heavily mortgaged to him and figure as managers only by his grace. This old gammoning blatherkite, McVicker, has played the truly good racket for all it is worth and has blinded his own pals as well as the public. He couldn't fool us, though. We measured up the old slide long ago and set him down for just what he is.

ON the very bosom of the Jewish wave, on the very protuberant forehead of the Hebrew dramatic bulge we find that cockney Sheeny tune carver, Solomon, "hall the way from Lunnion, ye know, me lad," and he's coming it pretty strong on the Yankies, too. He has a new faked opera called "Virginia" in rehearsal at the Fifth Avenue Theatre and a new spectacular piece, "The Snow Queen," preparing for spring production at Booth's. There isn't a show for a native composer and yet a Sheeny of Solomon's feeble talents can get in his fine work in two theatres at once. Let's all change our noses and set up a synagogue.

THE Eel has gone back to French plays, promising to translate for us "Serge Panine," and his father-in-law, old Slime, has gone back to French manners, having purchased a new lounge for his private office. Old Slime is a great matrimonial match maker, by the way. We know of one bass chorus singer who was wed to a soprano chanter. The benighted old man beamed on the informal nuptials and presented the bridegroom with a neat little stake, they say. Slime gave away the bride; it is to be hoped she will not repay the old man by giving him away in turn before the honeymoon is over.

WHAT's the matter with the Sphinx? Is he growing too old to maintain his youthful follies or has his married daisy got too firm a grip on him? His company is deteriorating in young women of complaisant nature. What can be the matter? Surely there are as many beautiful girls as ever ready and willing to go on the stage through the manager's private office. It is useless for the Sphinx to plead innocence and morality. He can't tell us he never does that style of business. We know better. We've got him down too fine to be stood off in that style. Come, old Lothario, fling away your crutches and keep up your racket or that theatre of yours is going to pieces.

NAT GOODWIN's new play, in which he intends to star in Australia next season is entitled, "A Hell of a Time." Honest in 'un, that's the title. But that's nothing new here to anyone who has seen Goodwin try to act and who has gone through the inevitable nightmare his histrionic talents bring on. The Australians would be assured the same kind of a time, no matter what the piece Mr. Goodwin should decide on playing. He's both the parrot and the monkey in his histrionic complication, and he has done the dual business so long that he has at last to jump the country with it. He never dared give his performance its proper title in America, however. He is bolder with the Australians, probably having assurances that they are slower to anger than our audience.

OLD Bill Deverna, after years of experience on the stage and in management, went dead broke four years ago on a spectacle called "Baba." Then he gave up and determined to educate himself in dramatic affairs all over again. He thereupon put himself into the same college from which old Slime graduated with such success. He bought a stand in Washington market and learned the new systems of "cleaning out" and weights and measures. Now he has graduated as well fixed as old Slime himself. He has buckled to in spectacular pantomime at the New York Alcazar, with a company of such proportions that no one who hadn't graduated at old Slime's college and who didn't understand his system of book-keeping could hope to keep his managerial head above water or float himself beyond the first salary day.

THE Alcazar, where the waiters, according to all accounts, had a fine racket, has been turned into a theatre and Sam Hickey has taken the management. He is a good manager in bad luck. We call the turn for him. But if all those stories told of the old Alcazar are true Sam will have to pull as hard as he can to extricate the place from the slough of its bad repute. They say it was a common thing for the waiters to take orders for beer and liquor and never fill them, but nevertheless to force the gentlemen of the party to pay for what they had not had. The cunning waiters invariably selected as their victims gentlemen who had parties of ladies under their escort. When they played this swindling game regularly on the native New Yorker, imagine what they did with the verdant countryman when they caught him! Of course the jig is up, now that Hickey has control of the place, but the burnt children will still for some time to come expect to find a scorching fire somewhere about the place, and this belief will be the new manager's only handicap.

THAT mushy play, Herne's "Hearts of Oak," still holds the boards in certain wild regions of the west where they don't know any better than to tolerate such things. It's a wonder that anybody with sense can find amusement in the antics of a big, sentimental lumux or that anyone with a heart can tolerate the torture of babies on the stage, as is done in every town this company visits. It may be "funny business" on the stage to toss a wretched, borrowed infant around to make the toughs of the gallery laugh but it is very cruel and it's about time the infant borrowing barn stormer was squelched. Without a baby on the stage the alleged play is absolutely no good. We wish to be put on record as the opponent of this baby torturing drama and we want to know what that philanthropic society with the long name has been doing during the three years that this baby starring business has been in full blast. We think Herne is a big enough man to earn his own living, without relying on babies to do it for him. If he is an actor he can do it; if he isn't an actor he has no business on the stage. How's this?

THE alleged actors who haunt Union Square in droves during the entire season should be arrested as vagabonds and put at some honest employment. These stuffs, whom we never saw on the stage and who, if they ever acted at all, appeared in some barn in a remote one-night town, have become a public nuisance. They infest the sidewalks at all hours, monkeying around in the sight of high heaven in a way to turn the stomach of an ostrich, but when they get into their facetious moods and begin to air their wit by geying some wretched drunken wreck of the drama it is too much. We witnessed a scene of this character the other day. A pitiable wreck of what had once been a good actor was the butt for these snides and witless "fakes" to air their superior abilities on. The smallness of the "fakes" was only equalled by the silliness of their jokes and it seemed a pity some cop couldn't scoop them in and set them to cleaning the streets or some other useful employment. The beer saloons about the square are infested by these pretenders, these funny men who get up "guys" for the beer, and who are in no sense actors. We call the attention of the police to the dives and the character of the creatures infesting them.

THERE is a Dutch boom in New York at present. The German drama is running at two theatres and beer saloon management prevails. It is becoming quite the style for fashionable people who don't understand the language to attend these Limburger flavored temples of Thespis, on the pretence that they enjoy the fine points of general acting and by-play to be witnessed there on the part of the imported stars from Berlin and Vienna. And what they really see is a set of fat old women and beery men, who, according to our notions, cannot act for sour apples. We went to the expense of witnessing the performance of a certain Herr Knack the other night at the New York Germania. He was billed as a great Berlin artist and we anticipated something really artistic. We were badly sold. Herr Knack hasn't the knack of acting, according to the American idea of what constitutes the art. And the company! Something awful. It's about time the bottom was knocked out of this German Thespis tub. There's nothing in it. Joe Jefferson couldn't do worse than this Dutchman. The beer saloon keepers who are backing these snide German companies should be made to understand that although the public can be swindled by their glasses of beer, all collar without the faintest ribbon of necktie, they will not have their ambrosial cups all foam. We don't understand a word of German, but we know good acting and bad, too, when we witness it in any language and we are independent enough to condemn what is bogus in any tongue. Let the keepers of gardens and beer dives stick to their kegs and leave the drama to such Germans as may have the taste to select first quality goods for the American market. The fact that Alex. Kaufman, the son of a Williamsburg, L. I. ward politician, has started out as a star in German at the New York Thalia Theatre after falling in a season of touring in English, is sufficient to brand the whole German dramatic business. The Williamsburg star, in fact, gives away the whole business of the saloon keeper style of management. The German papers dare not say this much truth lest their free tickets and their "ads." be cut off, so we speak up with our usual fearlessness. Whenever we see a head we are bound to hit it. We saw the poll of the mean snide Gambirius poked over the shoulder of the "bum" German Thespis and we couldn't resist the temptation to go out of our way to "slog" it.

THE penny-flipper Raymond, although he has a young baby squawking all night in his room and destroying the repose of all the tired guests in the hotels he infests, had the assurance to bill himself "In Paradise" at McVicker's in Chicago two weeks ago. The play is by booby Jessop, a Bohemian of the Square, and a certain William Gull, an ignorant English clown, who has had the assurance to set up for a dramatist and litterateur after the public stomach rejected and spewed him up as a comedian. The piece, as might be expected, is silly with slang, is coarse, clumsy and pointless and was scored unmercifully by

the decent press of Chicago. The penny-flipper promises to give it to us during his engagement in Brooklyn and we promise to give it to him if he has the hardihood to undertake it. This Raymond should be decisively sat upon and relegated to the limbo of bum actors. He has had a pretty good time of it for half a dozen years, escaping scot free with a big bundle every season. Now if he is wise he will go and hide himself to avoid the results of being weighed in true scales and found wanting, as he undoubtedly is. He was never, at his best, anything better than a one-horse stock comedian and by the natural evolution should have gravitated to the position of a clown in a circus. He was sharp enough, however, to go to England and stay two or three seasons to avoid the draft here during the war, and then returning with Southern played the game of bursting upon our good-natured public as a newly-found jewel of purest ray serene. He got away with this and set up as a star in that transition period of dramatic art, when all the old idols were cast down and the people were seeking new theatrical gods. About the same time Ben Maginley washed the blisnuth from his face, abandoned the motley and flip-fapped very nearly from the sawdust ring plump into the inner temple of Thespis, clearing the variety "biz" barrier at one bound. Joe Emmett, Gus Williams, Billy Scanlan and other have tried the same flip-flop process with success, but of the whole mob Raymond is the most reprehensible. They come in by a clean somersault—he sneaked up a trap and got there without possessing even the ability to throw the flip-flop. We move that the public fire the pretender out, for he's got no business in the temple, anyhow.

THE Jew racket continues. The Sheeny countess, Modjeska, is flooding the synagogues with "dodgers" in choice Hebrew, calling on the faithful to give her a sister's welcome and they rally to applaud her in the theatre and to puff her in the papers in a way that is something wonderful. And when you witness the performance of this anatomical specimen and hear the broken English jingle mixed with the rattle of old bones as it takes the stage the whole situation becomes more wonderful still. The performance of *Boasind* by this alleged great star was the most bewildering and melancholy groping through the bowers of Shakespeare, poetry we ever witnessed—the most ruthless trampling down of choice flowers that ever a blind woman did. And yet the papers one and all puff it. Wonderful, isn't it? The woman strikes a series of picturesque attitudes that show off her scanty costumes and her liberal "symmetries" to advantage and walks the stage gracefully, but she plainly does not understand the lines she is droning and mangling. It is "dialect" business all the way through—simple "sound and fury, signifying nothing"—unless it be burlesque. Since the countess has been enabled to glue herself to the pinnacle of fame by a patent Sheeny process she and her agents, the count and the rest of them, have grown bold. Having, as they think, a dead sure thing on the future, they want to re-open the past and revise the record to suit themselves. They want to establish it as a fact that the bony countess gained her present prominence through the pure force of her talents and without any adventitious aids. They want to represent her as altogether a remarkable child of genius. But we won't have it. We'll explode that pretence every time. The wily count and countess, with true Sheeny cunning, detected at once their weak point and have attempted to strengthen it by eliminating Modjeska's first manager from her record altogether. They unite in decrying Harry Sargent, alleging that he made her appear a mountebank by advertising her as the owner of bull pups and a titled lady, the favorite of the Russian aristocracy and who toured the country in special trains of palace cars, to amuse herself by acting for the benighted natives and observing the effect on them. The ungrateful nobility now turn on poor Sargent when he is down and administer a series of kicks to him, alleging that his course was all wrong and that the slim Jew woman with the slimmer talents could have gotten along better without him. This is base ingratitude indeed, for it was only owing to Sargent's mountebank management of this woman that she was enabled to hold her place a single season on the boards. Without Sargent during her first season she could not have attained a firm position even in a Sunday night German theatre in St. Louis or over the Rhine in Cincinnati, with free beer thrown in. We are not friendly to Sargent. In fact, we are down on him for having hitched the countess on us as an actress, but he is the under dog just now and we are not going to allow those whom he has benefited to kick him without putting in one of our strong protests. We can't help the Chatham street tricks of these Sheeny artists succeeding, we cannot help their selling the public by furnishing a coat which their hand draws tight with a firm grip on the folds of the back, and we cannot probably convince the public at once of the falsehood of the Jew assurance to that swindled public that "S'help me, it fits you shust like a glove," but we can kick, and vigorously, too, when the dealers in artistic shoddy undertake to deny their debts and try to cut the throat of their unfortunate debtor. That we can do and that's what we will do every time.

A HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

He Turns His Erring Wife Away From His Door In Retaliation for Her Frailty.

A scandal with a novel final tableau is reported from Belleville. The principal characters are W. D. Unger, a prominent citizen and banker of Belleville, and his wife. An anonymous letter informed him that the woman, his partner, was going crooked. He employed a private detective to watch her. On the afternoon of Dec. 15 the officer came to Unger's office in haste and led him into the hallway of a house and pointing to the door of a room told him his wife was in there. Unger broke down the door and was confronted by a man armed with a revolver.

He pushed by however and satisfied himself that the woman in the bed was his wife. He went away without a word. Several hours later, after dark, there was a ring at the door bell of his residence and going to the door Unger found the crooked woman there. She was crying and said she wanted to come in. Mr. Unger coolly remarked he guessed not; said she should never enter that house again; that he would take care of the children and teach them to forget her. She pleaded hard for forgiveness and against being turned into the streets, saying she had no money and no place to go for shelter.

Then he drew out his pocketbook containing \$500, thrust the contents in her hand, told her to go forever and closed the door in her face. She went, and all Belleville says Unger's got a level head and is a genuine philosopher.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

What is Doing in the Churches, and Who the Churchmen are "Doing."

JOHN HENDERSON, colored, preacher and exhorter, was arrested and jailed at Mexico, Mo., on Dec. 2, for stealing six head of hogs from a herd belonging to James Callaway. The person sold the swine, worth about \$100, to Wm. Wallace for \$40, who thought the price rather low and made an investigation with the above result. John's cloth will not save him from a long term in the penitentiary.

THE Rev. J. W. Whorton stole \$2,000 from his wife at Morrisville, Mo., and eloped with Mrs. Margaret Gill, the organist in the Methodist church of which he was pastor. After staying away a year he repented and made up his mind to return, obtain forgiveness and lead a decent life. But he found it impossible to carry out this programme of reform. His wife refused to receive him, a company of young townsmen serenaded him with tin pans, bells and guns, and the grand jury indicted him.

THE Methodist ministers of Chicago differed almost to the extent of a downright quarrel in their discussion of the Sunday law question. "If you allow bad men to trample on the rights of Christians in a civilized community," said the Rev. Mr. Gurney, "then you are a sneak and a coward." The Rev. Dr. Edwards resented this as a personal remark, and then the debate became so hot that the chairman reminded the speakers that there were reporters present and a report of a slogging match would not look well in print.

Two prominent churchmen of Utica, N. Y., have got into a very nice little scandal. They couldn't have got up a more spiky combination of things if they had been heathens and had never attended the church nor led in prayer. The parties are George Hardiman and H. S. Warner, and on Dec. 18 they met at the depot in Utica and the former shot the latter twice. Both are prominent Methodists. Hardiman met with heavy real estate losses a few years ago and became insane. While in the asylum Warner visited Hardiman. On the latter's release he accused Warner of having been too intimate with his (Hardiman's) wife. Hardiman has been sent to the Ovid Asylum and escaped on two occasions. He was subsequently arrested in the Home Methodist Church with masks and a revolver in his possession. He claimed to be there for the purpose of laying his complaint before the church. Recently he brought a civil suit against Warner for \$5,000 for the alleged seduction of his wife. It is claimed that Hardiman's mind is affected, and that the charges against Warner are unfounded. One ball passed through the fleshy portion of Warner's leg and the other is lodged in his right thigh. The wounds are not considered dangerous. Hardiman is under arrest.

He was the loudest kind of a religious truly good man, was James White, of Greenport, L. I., who deserted his wife and six young children on Nov. 27. He was Assistant Superintendent of the Sunday-school of the first M. E. Church and President of the Young People's Union. He was also Grand Recorder of Grand Lodge Templars of Liberty, and Financial Recorder of Garden Temple 5. As Financial Recorder he falsely reported the death of J. H. Armstrong, on Aug. 2, and handed in to the lodge a receipt for \$107.50, purporting to be from Mrs. Armstrong, although Armstrong did not die until August 10, and Mrs. Armstrong had been dead two years. The report of the Grand Treasurer showed a discrepancy of one in the number of deaths. White confessed that he took the money, but it was agreed he should make good the deficiency by weekly payments. Six weeks later it was discovered that since Nov. 19, 1931, he had been making forged entries in the lodge's bank book to cover amounts which he had failed to deposit. He was employed as an engineer by the Abendroth & Root manufacturing company. His wife, who is now living at 129 Meserole avenue, is almost destitute.

ON Dec. 1 there was hanged at Stainmanger, in Hungary, a peasant woman from Szerdahely, named Lyukas Kathi, for a series of crimes which had excited universal horror. The criminal was 52 years of age, short in stature and of a placid aspect. She procured a large quantity of arsenic upon the pretence that her house was overrun with rats, and mixed the poison in little cakes which she disposed of at a high price to persons who desired to get rid of their relatives. Her customers were chiefly wives who had got tired of their husbands, lovers who thought the removal of a rival would facilitate their own purposes, and even some children purchased the cakes that by offering them to elderly relatives they might the more rapidly come into the possession of their property. Lyukas killed two husbands of her own, and she was accused of twenty-six other murders, six of which she confessed she had committed. At her trial this arcan poisoner assumed an air of great piety, and stood the whole day with a rosary in her hand, she being a member of a rosary club founded by the Dominicans. The result of the trial was that she was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude; but the crown appealed against this, and the Court of Appeal sentenced her to death. During her imprisonment Lyukas spent all her time praying, or receiving spiritual consolation from the priests, to whom she confessed. Upon the scaffold she blessed the bystanders with an air of great fervency. The convict's only daughter attempted to be present at the execution, but she was prevented entering the yard, and as she turned away she barely escaped being lynched by the mob assembled outside.

MAIL CARRIER AND MASHER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Quite a spiky scandal is current up in Minnesota, of which our picture gives a suggestion. It seems that for the past two years a young and pretty woman, the orphan of an ex-judge of the Blue Earth district, who has by her father's death been reduced to the necessity of working for a living, has been carrying the mails between some of the outlying villages. She is a good horsewoman and a nifty girl and has always performed the duties of her position well. But she was only a woman after all and having succeeded in the course of her travels in making a mash of a wealthy old farmer of the section, she proceeded to work him for all he was worth.

The farmer's family dropped to her little game and hustled him into an asylum, while his enchantress skipped—presumably to Chicago. She is said to have made quite a handsome rake out of her old admirer and what makes it more blinding he swears that he will stick to her, once he gets out, till he hasn't a dollar left. All of which goes to show that the men and women of Minnesota are not so very different from those of the rest of the world, and you can stick a pin in it right there.

John Knifton, the English Champion Pugilist.

In this issue will be found the first portrait ever published in America of John Knifton, of London, England, a pugilist who is better known as "the eighty-one tonner." Knifton is 27 years of age, stands 6 feet 2½ inches in height, and weighs over 280 lbs. It is owing to his great muscular proportions that he has been styled the 81 tonner. His dimensions have been furnished us as follows: height, 6 feet 2½ inches; weight, 280 lbs.; chest measurement, 47½ in.; biceps, 17½ in.; calf, 18½ in.; waist, 38 in.; age, 27. This boxer held a high reputation in England, where for a year past he has been trying without success to get on a match. Acting on the assurance of sporting men on the other side of the water, that Knifton's record was just and that his sobriquet, "the 81 tonner," meant something more than the mere wind of the words, Richard K. Fox made overtures to the pugilist to come over to America and have a "go" at John L. Sullivan. Meantime events occurred that tumbled the 81 tonner from his high pedestal. On December 21 Mr. Fox received from Mr. Atkinson, of the London *Sporting Life*, a cable despatch stating that "Knifton is no good and will not come." This result breaks up the prospect which seemed so fair for a merry time among the heavy-weights in the Isles of January. But the fun will go on nevertheless, as Mr. Fox is already in negotiation with other parties.

B. J. Johnson.

This gentleman, whose portrait we publish in this issue, is a resident of Creston, Iowa, and one of the best known horsemen in that state. He runs an extensive flouring mill with good results, but devotes a large share of his time during the summer season to his horses. He is a breeder and campaigner of both trotters and pacers. He is a close calculator as to the capabilities of a horse and as a manager has very few equals. He owns Sciola, with a record of 2:23½, and the pacer Lone Jack, 2:22. These horses have for the past two or three years—in fact, ever since passing into his hands—won a big part of every purse they started for. One of the best trotters he ever owned—Fairmount, 2:29½—died suddenly after he had shown his ability to trot in 2:25.

Mr. Johnson is halfowner of the fair grounds at Creston where trotting meetings will be hereafter regularly held. He likes his horses to go to the front but has the good judgment to know when they are out-classed and not put his money on a horse just because he owns him, but takes things quietly and patiently bides his time. He is a modest, unassuming gentleman and very popular among associations and horsemen wherever known.

A Case of Blackmail.

Walter F. Shibley, 22 years old, a clerk in the office of Wm. Sutphen, a New York lawyer, and Henry L. Kipling, a lawyer of No. 108 Broadway, Brooklyn, are behind the bars in the Tombs, charged with an extensive swindling plan. Shibley always represented that he was unmarried and introduced an attractive young woman who frequently visited him at the office to Mr. Sutphen as a Miss Jennie Brooks. Some months ago it became necessary to make some condition deeds for property owned by Mr. Sutphen and he naturally concluded that Shibley was the best one to transfer it to.

Accordingly deeds were drawn up by which

Shibley became the ostensible owner of four lots on Seventy-eighth street near Tenth avenue, New York, eight houses and lots in Brooklyn and a farm at Eastchester, in Westchester county, all of the value of \$140,000. When Shibley received the deeds he swore that he was unmarried. After their execution Mr. Sutphen placed them away in his safe, it not being nec-

essary for the purposes the deeds were to be used that they should be recorded. The deeds remained in the safe, as Mr. Sutphen supposed. On the 16th of November last the firm of Brown & Westcott, at No. 115 Broadway, owing Mr. Sutphen \$14,828.10, drew a check for the amount and delivered it to Shibley. Mr. Sutphen directed him to take the check to the American Exchange National Bank and have it certified, so that it could be deposited. In a few moments Shibley returned and stated that Brown & Westcott did not have funds in the bank and that the cashier had kept the check, saying that they did not like to have paper floating around without money in the bank to meet it but as Brown & Westcott would have money in the course of a day or two he would then certify it. Mr. Sutphen directed Shibley to return and get the check whether certified or not. Shibley left and did not return, nor was he seen until arrested on Dec. 19. The deeds in Mr. Sutphen's safe were also missing. The day after the disappearance Mr. Sutphen was called upon by Kipling, who stated that he knew where Shibley was and for a consideration would secure the stolen deeds. Miss Brooks also came to the lawyer and then the entire plan came out. She introduced herself as Mrs. Walter F. Shibley and as such entitled to a dower right in the \$140,000 worth of property conveyed to Shibley in the condition deeds.

John Lynch, the Base Ball Expert.

In this issue we publish a portrait of John Lynch, the famous base ball pitcher, who is well known all over the country. Lynch is one of the swiftest pitchers now engaged in base ball sport. He belongs to the Metropolitan base ball nine of this city. All of the leading clubs acknowledge his superior skill in his position within the diamond field, and few of the most experienced batsmen have ever been able to make a third base hit from his effective delivery.

An Actor's Romance.

Things must indeed be in a desperate condition in Daly's Theatre, more desperate, in fact, than even we supposed. The novel advertising dodges resorted to by the management seem to prove the management is in a hole and trying to attract public attention by extraordinary means in order that they may be hauled out, however ungracefully. First, the leading lady had a fire queen tableau gotten up for her especial advertisement on the stage and this thrilling picture of a burning curtain counterpoised by a shapely woman with flaming locks was fruitful of many newspaper paragraphs.

On Dec. 20th there was another "ad" worked off for the theatre on the heroic lay. Fred. Campbell, a minor actor of the Daly gang, figured in a street tableau on the corner of Sixth avenue and 28th street. A woman rushed up to him demanding protection. A little fellow named S. H. Kern, of 908 Sixth avenue, played the heavy villain. Campbell dramatically made a tableau of himself and the beautiful maiden and warned Kern off, but "the villain still pursued her," so the actor completed the picture by knocking down the little fellow. Then enters a policeman. The scene changes to a station house where the captain and police officers weep because the law made it incumbent on them to lock up the hero of the little play. Then enter on the scene Daly, the real leading man, with bail. Then tableau, red fire and advertising gush from the crowd of repertorial slaves.

**JOHN KNIPTON,**

THE ENGLISH CHAMPION PUGILIST.

**B. J. JOHNSON,**

OF CRESTON, IOWA, A FAMOUS HORSEMAN OF THAT STATE.

**JOHN LYNCH,**

PITCHER OF THE METROPOLITAN BASE BALL CLUB.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

Jail Birds at Large.

We present in this issue the portraits of two men, Arthur Bond and John D. Shea, who escaped from jail in St. Louis in company with three others on Nov. 7. They took advantage of the excitement of election day to twist an iron bar out of one of the windows and get away in broad daylight. Their escape was discovered in the afternoon, but they were by that time far away or in secure hiding places. The rest of the prisoners when they noted the officers' annoyance, and learned that some of their number had escaped the greatest pleasure was manifested, and they stamped, kicked, hurrahed and yelled until the noise became deafening. Nor did they grow tired of the clatter, but kept it up until late at night. Had they not been locked up in their cells there would, doubtless, have been an uprising.

John David Shea, one of the men who escaped, was in jail for the murder of officer Doran. Just a year ago he and Frank Fone stepped in among a gang of prisoners who were being taken up-stairs to the court of correction for trial, and placing their hands together as though handcuffed passed through the jail gate. On reaching the corridor they jumped among the crowd of people gathered there, and, notwithstanding the fact that a vigorous search was instantly persecuted for them, made their escape. The same evening a policeman met Shea and pursued him. As Shea was passing a saloon officer Pat Doran, who was within, attracted by the noise of the



TEN CAGED ALDERMEN.

A PARTY OF BROOKLYN ALDERMEN LODGED IN RAYMOND STREET JAIL FOR FIVE DAYS, AMUSE THEMSELVES WHILE SERVING THEIR TIME.



ARTHUR BOND,

DESPERATE BURGLAR, ESCAPED FROM THE ST. LOUIS JAIL—WANTED FOR A REWARD.

teacher in Vincennes. Miss Stuart made a grand kick when she heard this, boldly proclaiming that the deceitful limb of the law had engaged to marry her. For weeks since the news of this matrimonial design on the part of Wetzel was made public, the prospective bridegroom has found his life a burden. Every time he has attempted to approach the residence of his intended the Stuart woman has waylaid him, frequently springing on him from behind tree boxes and doorways, confronting him with a loaded pistol and forcing him to escort her (Miss Stuart) to her own home. She claims that she is *enchanté* by him, and has made the charge frequently and demanded marriage before many witnesses. But rough as was the racket she gave poor Wetzel all along, she went even farther on Dec. 15. Accompanied by her father, Miss Stuart went to Lawrenceville, seat of the county, which borders on the Wabash, opposite Vincennes, and procured papers, licensing the marriage of herself and Mr. Wetzel. They then returned to the residence of Esquire Smart, which is at the Illinois end of the toll bridge connecting the city with Illinois, and sent Wetzel word that he was wanted there by some parties who wanted to acknowledge the execution of a deed. Unsuspectingly Wetzel obeyed the

summons, and was confronted by the would-be bride and the license. He peremptorily refused to be coerced, and made a break for liberty, with Miss Stuart after him at the tail end of a gun. Wetzel took the wrong direction and ran up the levee to the railroad bridge, which he crossed to the city, with Miss Stuart still in pursuit. The distance was a full half mile.

The next move is anxiously awaited by the public. The woman, who has been a school teacher, and lays claim to respectability, has evidently brooded so over her troubles that she is slightly out of balance. Wetzel has been advised to leave, but refuses, and there is a probability that blood will be shed before the matter is settled.

Aldermen in Jail.

Ten Aldermen of the Brooklyn Board, found guilty of contempt of court in violating an injunction restraining them from fastening an elevated railroad scheme on Brooklyn, were in Raymond street jail in that city on Sunday, December 17, on a sentence of five days' imprisonment. The irksome restraint was relieved by an abundance of cigars, plenty of wine and a poker game in which several of the distin-



JOHN D. SHEA,

MURDERER, ESCAPED FROM JAIL IN ST. LOUIS, AND WANTED FOR A REWARD.

chase, stepped outside, and just as he did so and before he was able to take in the situation Shea, who had a revolver in his hand, fired and killed him. Tried for the crime he was convicted of murder in the first degree, and was in jail pending the decision of a motion for a new trial. Arthur Bond was a desperate burglar whom the police had been at some pains and great personal risk to lodge in jail. A reward is offered for the return of these prisoners to their old quarters.

Hunting a Bridegroom.

For several years Charles M. Wetzel, an attorney at law of Vincennes, Ind., has been troubled by an old "mash" of his, Miss Anna Stuart. The latter has been so persistent in her "goneness" on him and has made such fierce demonstrations of her passion that poor Charley's life has been made thoroughly miserable. A year ago Wetzel made a matrimonial engagement with Miss Maggie Beck, a public school



HUNTING A BRIDEGROOM.

A YOUNG SCHOOL-TEACHER OF VINCENNES, IND., PLOTS A MARRIAGE, BUT THE YOUNG MAN WEAKENS AT THE ALTAR AND RUNS AWAY PURSUED BY THE BRIDE WITH A SHOTGUN.

guished prisoners were completely cleaned out by their gulleful brethren.

A Utica Sensation.

George Hardiman of Utica, N. Y., shot Dwight S. Warner of Rome twice at the Central depot, Utica, on Dec. 18th. Hardiman met with heavy real estate losses a few years ago and became insane. While in the asylum Warner visited Hardiman. On the latter's release he accused Warner of having been too intimate with his (Hardiman's) wife. Hardiman has been sent to the Ovid Asylum and escaped on two occasions. Recently he brought a civil suit against Warner for \$5,000 damages for the alleged seduction of his wife. It is claimed that Hardiman's mind is affected, and that the charges against Warner are unfounded. One ball passed through the fleshy portion of Warner's leg, and the other is lodged in his right thigh. The wounds are not considered dangerous. Hardiman was arrested, and Warner left for Rome after his wounds had been dressed.

Texas to The Front.

Brownsville, Texas, must be a lively old town. Even the *entrées* at the theatre are enlivened by pistol fights. Here's the last case, for instance: On the night of Dec. 1, T. E. Butterfield, superintendent of the Matamoras and Monterey railway, was at the theatre, conversing in the lobby, when L. Brunken, a Mexican, using violent and insulting language, approached in a threatening manner. Butterfield struck him. The

Mexican drew a pistol and fired twice. One ball cut the band of Butterfield's hat, the other wounded a Mexican barber. The shooter was arrested.

A Barber Given Away.

A barber of Wilkesbarre, Pa., named Henry Gardner, during his residence of a year in that town acquired the reputation of a "masher" and has made many boasts of his conquests. At last he was hooked and engaged in marriage to a blushing little rosebud of whom he professed to be very proud. On Dec. 10, while he was shaving a horse doctor, Gardner was entertaining him with his usual tonsorial "chin" about his darling and what an era of happiness he was going to begin the next week when he expected to settle down with her as his wife. When the door opened and a woman entered Gardner dropped the razor and skipped out leaving the horse doctor half shaved. The woman said that she was his abandoned wife.

PARIS INSIDE OUT; OR, Joe Potts on the Loose.

The Adventures and Misadventures; the
Sprees and Soberings up; the Life,
Love and Pastimes Generally of
a New York Sport in the Gay-
est City in the World.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabelle Unmasked," "The
Bohemians of New York," "Studio Secrets," etc.

CHAPTER III.

HOW JOE POTTS LANDED IN PARIS.

People become very sentimental when leaving an ocean steamer, and are particularly free with their visiting cards. The Rev. Mr. Spoondyke, who had paid the most scrupulous attention to an elderly maiden lady of crust-like aspect, whose maid led the life of the ascetic, was rewarded not only by an invitation to visit this mouldy old splinter at her house in London, but was promised a check for the heathen in a languishing tone, and with an amorous sigh.

"The old girl is dead gone on me, Joe," laughed Spoondyke, "and it may turn out a gold mine for the Paris neathens. I'll see her safely lodged in London, stop a few days and run over to you in Paris."

Thus Joseph was compelled to leave his boon companion behind him.

"I don't want any of London in mine," he said; "I've come across the Atlantic to do Paris, and every red cent I have will pan out there."

Even the widow failed to convince him that a week in the English capital would repay.

"No! Paris for me. That's the racket to count me in on."

Joe and the widow travelled to London together from Liverpool. They had the compartment all to themselves for an hour or so, as the guard had been duly "tipped," but a rush of passengers at Sudbury compelled the earded official to unlock the door and let in an entire family consisting of father, mother, mother-in-law, all the children, two girls and a boy, all of curious and prying dispositions.

"Mama," cried the youngest, a little girl of about five years of age, "is that lady going to faint?"

"No, Susan Elizabeth, why?"

"Because that man has his arm around—"

"Hush!"

Joe could have wished that precocious infant under the wheels of the locomotive. For the remainder of the journey he dare not so much as take Mrs. Norton's hand, and when he sought her foot, he found the muddy shoe of the eldest girl underneath the widow's drapery, actually engaged in the process of discovering if he was pressing the tootzy wootzy in question. Never for an instant did the three youngsters remove their eyes, while the mother-in-law sharply scrutinizing the widow's weeds, tartly exclaimed loud enough for all to hear:

"Pah! it's positively odious, that's wot it is."

The widow was met by a gentleman and lady at St. Pancras depot, the gentleman glared at Joe and Mrs. Potts, Mrs. Brown, Captain Swishtail.

Mrs. Brown bowed coldly, the captain nodded as though a bayonet was stuck up through his neck. Joe didn't so much as trouble himself to reply to the nod; while his bow to the lady was worthy of Lester Wallack.

"I have endeavored to induce him to remain in London," continued the widow, "but he is adamant."

"There is nothing to be done in London," hastily exclaimed Mrs. Brown.

"You'd better go to Paris," added the captain. Joe was on the point of advising this gallant warrior to go to Egypt but restrained himself, and while Mrs. Brown and the son of Mars were looking after the widow's luggage Potts drew her aside.

"Shall I stay?" he asked, plunging his eyes into hers.

"Just as you please."

"It is as you please, Laura."

"Who gave you leave to call me by my given name, sir?"

"Who asks for leave when he is in love?"

"You in love! Go to—Paris," and she gave him a playful shove.

A pile of boxes filled with oranges stood close at hand on the right. In front a four-wheeled cab, its driver engaged in adjusting baggage on the roof. To the left was a gigantic bicycle. Joe looked round.

"Just one," he half whispered.

"One what?"

"What, you know."

"One dollar?"

"Oh, damn the dollar," and he drew her to him.

"Oh don't—you frighten me—you mustn't."

He was about to explode a kiss on a pair of pouting lips when the heavy tread of Captain Swishtail compelled him to draw back as if a pin had been stuck into him.

"Shall I stay?"

"I think not."

"Say the word."

"No. These people will be with me all the time."

"Will you write to let me know when you are coming to Paris?"

"No. I'll telegraph to Poste Restante."

The captain was now on hand.

"Your luggage is in the cab. Allow me to offer you my arm." The words coming up in a deep bass from the bottom of the warrior's chest.

"Au revoir, Mr. Potts," said the widow, as she stepped into the "growler," liberally revealing that foot and ankle which had fascinated the insurance clerk at the dock in New York.

Joe had two hours to spare, as the tidal train did not leave Charing Cross for Dover till 1 o'clock P. M. Hav-

ing heard a good deal of the Burlington Arcade, and of the English roses who frequented it, after depositing his baggage at the depot he took a hansom thither, and giving his hat an extra angle proceeded to prowling and down the glass covered, shop lined way. Where were the roses?

"You should be 'ere about 'arf-paust five, sir," said the gorgeously dressed beadle to whom Potts addressed himself. "Bless yer 'art, they're as thick as blackberries, an' the loveliest creatures you hever set eyes upon."

Instructed by this superb official Joe drove to the Bodega in Glasshouse street, where he tossed off three glasses of champagne with bitters.

"Only one and six," he thought, "eighteen pence, thirty-six cents. In New York I'd be out a dollar and a half."

He dined at the Criterion. "I want a real English dinner, English down to the ground," he said to the waiter. "I'm from New York, just toed landmark, so you fix me up a real hard shell, solid, square English meal. It ain't a question of a dollar or two or five."

The waiter took him at his word, and served in rotation, oxtail soup, devilled white-bait, sitch bone of beef, saddle of mutton, marrowbones, gooseberry tart, and Stilton cheese, fearfully and wonderfully ripe. The drink was a quart of Savoy champagne, a glass of port with the cheese, and brandy and soda as a top dresser.

"I hope you liked your first h'English dinner, sir. Thank you, sir. Pleasant journey, sir. 'Ope we'll see you again, sir."

As Joe lay back in his hansom, a foot up on either door, a two shilling cigar in his jaw, he joyously chattered:

"This is doing it tony. There's nothing like travel after all—expands the mind. Wonder what they're doing at the Deutonic now. Only opening. Jim Henderson is just fixing himself at his desk. That," snapping his fingers, "for the Deutonic, or any other tonic. Travel is the tonic."

According to appointment the Rev. Mr. Spoondyke was at Charing Cross to see Joe off.

"Let's take a smile, Joe," he gleefully exclaimed.

"Joe, I struck a big thing. This old witch of London is dead gone on me; you should see how well she's fixed. I was an appraiser once and I reckon that there's ten thousand dollars worth of stuff in the house. It's in Pelham Crescent, tony as Fifth avenue, up to the Queen's taste. She wasn't for letting me out of her sight, but I told her I had to meet the Bishop of Oxford at Exeter Hall about the heathens. I hinted to a check but she didn't bite. I don't want to rush things till next week, then for the check and Paris. My dear," this to the barmaid, a rosy nymph with a bursting bodice, "I like you B. and S."

"Wouldn't you prefer B. and Polly, sir?" she asked, with a fearfully provoking innocence of expression.

"If you were the Polly," said his reverence.

"I couldn't be, sir; my name is Alice. B. and Polly means brandy and apollinaris."

Joe was also caught by the buxom barmaid.

"I wish you were coming over to Paris, my dear," she sighed.

"Paris is awfully nice, but awfully naughty," she retorted.

"Have you been there?"

"She was pouring out the apollinaris, but she glanced at Potts from under her eyes as she uttered the single word:

"Once."

What a volume in that word in a glance!

"If you're on for the racket come along."

"Cannot. Wish I could."

The bell rang.

"I'll come and talk to you about it," observed Mr. Spoondyke as he paid for the drinks.

The last that Joe saw of the reverend gentleman, was his making a bee line for the refreshment room.

The journey from London to Dover was devoid of interest. In crossing the "silver streak" Mr. Potts wished he had not tasted those marrowbones. When within thirty minutes of French soil, he cast up his accounts. The wobbly sea and the wobbly little boat after the oleaginous marrowbone proved too much for him. He landed in France, to use his own words, "all broke up."

"Take my advice, sir," said a young Englishman who stood beside him at the buffet at Calais, "and don't touch the brandy here, it's regular rot gut. If you are going up to Paris wait till you get to Amiens—there the stuff is good."

This young fellow was travelling alone, and Joe, glad of sociable society, invited him to come into the same compartment.

"I would with pleasure, but I am in charge of a young lady and her mother in the second class. I wish they were off my hands for there's no end of a fine gal in the train, who gave me two for one in eyes on the boat."

"I'll come second," said Joe, "they're all parley voo in my compartment and don't speak a word of English."

A willing porter rapidly transferred Mr. Pott's trap to the second class carriage where there was plenty of room, in fact the compartment was occupied by a lady, fat, fair and forty, a young girl, her daughter, and the young gentleman with amorous designs upon the luminate who had laid the odds on the wobbly little boat.

Joe still felt a shade off color, but the air coming through the open window of the carriage soon braced him up, and he took a good view of his companions. The young lady had the roses of England upon her cheeks and pomegranates on her lips. Her eyes were full of alternate fire and languor, and blushing real solid, iron-clad blushes, came and went as varied emotions thrived through her breast. She was as round as the ball on the Western Union building, and if her foot and hand were an extra size, the shape was faultless. She was attired in a tight-fitting gray dress that set off her figure to perfection.

"We're going up to Poree for a 'oliday," chirruped the mama, a Mrs. Pierson. "My 'usband says to me, says he, 'Anna Maria, you've been a talking of Poree ever since we were married at Camberwell church by the Rev. John Chippendale Montague Bellow—'im as read so lovely—so now, my old 'oman,' says he, 'you just take our h'Emma with you—this is h'Emma, sir, my only daughter, eighteen years old on the 28th of May last—and,' says he, 'I'll come and fetch you 'ome. He's in the 'arness and leather business in Camden town. After you spend a week with your sister—a younger sister, sir, h'Amelia h'Annle, who is on her 'oneymoon with a young man in the gas-fitting trade, and 'as took her to Poree to see French life—"

Mrs. Pierson rattled on—so did the train.

"I'll slip out at Amiens," observed the young gentleman, "and carry on with my girl to Paris. I'll turn

up at Paris. You'll have an eye to the womankind. Emma isn't half bad looking. Get up a flirtation. She's game!"

The young gentleman was as good as his word, and disappeared at Amiens.

"Ain't he a nice young man?" observed Mrs. Pierson. He's that kind, he is—lamb-like. You should have seen as 'ow he held the basin to our h'Emma 'ere, and—"

"Oh, mama!" interposed Emma, blushing to the roots of her hair.

"He's a clerk in the Somerset 'ouse," continued the elder lady, "and 'as 'igh 'opes of promotion. He's got ninety pound a year now, and will rise by ten pound per annum till he reaches a hundred and fifty. He's sweet on our h'Emma, and—"

"Oh, mama!" burst in Emma.

"Me and Pierson began on ten-and-six a week, and when our h'Emma was born we thought ourselves a regular Queen and Prince h'Albert for earning 'alf a crown h'extra. Ninety pounds a year, carefully 'andled, would go noble, it would."

The train was an hour late owing to a block at Creull. It was past midnight when the lights of Paris loomed up.

"Where are you going to stop, young man?" demanded Mrs. Pierson of Mr. Potts.

"I guess I haven't made up my mind, madame," he replied.

"Well, I vow!" ejaculated the lady. "That's what I call going around the world for sport. We will be met at the station by h'Amelia h'Annle and her 'usband, Mr. Price. You should be careful about where you go to, for there are dreadful places where they put you in a bed as folds up and drops you in the middle of the night into the Seine, and your dead body is laid out on a slab next day like a fish, and nobody knows you cause as 'ow you are naked."

"Oh, mama!" And Emma blushed redder than ever.

The train clanked into the immense and cavernous depot, illuminated by electric lights. The few blue-bloused porters were sleepy and far from being on the alert. Naturally they took no notice of second-class passengers. This class of cattle don't pay.

The Somerset House clerk only turned up to seize a hat box and Gladstone bag, and hurriedly whispered to Joe:

"Just shove 'em into a cab, will you? I'm all right." Then he darted away.

"Whatever is the matter with Mr. Lalls?" cried Mrs. Pierson. "Is he h'ill?"

Joe having that fellow-feeling for the young gentleman which is supposed to make us so wondrous kind, hurriedly explained to Mrs. Pierson that Mr. Lalls had been unexpectedly called away.

"Called away? Drat the brat! He promised to see us safe through them Custom House robbers."

"I'll be most happy to escort you to your friends," said Joe, giving Emma's hand a squeeze as he assisted her to alight.

"I don't see 'em!" cried Mrs. Pierson, excitedly.

"They ought to be on the platform here. Just ask that grinning jackanapes, that baboon there, if he seen Monseer and Madam Price?"

Joe complied. The porter grinned, and shrugging his shoulders intimated that he did not understand.

"Have you no French, young man?" demanded Mrs. Pierson.

Mr. Potts replied in the negative.

"Pooh, hoo! Nor has h'Emma as I've been paying ten shillings a quarter for three years. It's a mercy you know 'ow to spell. Drat that parsing. If it wasn't for the time you give to that we'd be out of this trouble now. Oh, dear, what are we to do?"

"Do not agitate yourself, madame. I'll see you through," said Joe.

"But where's Monseer Price?"

"I suppose it's against the rules to allow non-passengers on the platform. I guess we'll find him outside."

Mrs. Pierson had a couple of bottles of gin concealed in her valise which were instantly pounced upon by the vigilant revenue officials, and Joe was marched off to pay the duty. By the time he had discharged this duty to France, and had passed his own trunks, the great halls were deserted, the only tenants being Mrs. Pierson, Emma and himself.

"Now for a hack, madame."

"But where's Monseer Price?" demanded the lady.

The faithless Price was nowhere to be seen. The faithless Lalls had disappeared ages before. One solitary cab was drawn up in the vast court yard.

"Ow is 'at do shine, mama," observed Emma, referring to the glazed headpiece of the driver.

The vehicle was a closed one, attached to a pair of miserable drowsy rats of horses. The baggage was duly hoisted on the roof.

"I shall be pleased to drop you at your hotel," said Joe, as, holding Emma's hand preparatory to assisting her into the vehicle, he stood by the open door.

"We ain't going to a 'otel, young man. We're going to lodgings—to some 'ouse as Monseer and Madame Price is lodging at. 'Ighly respectable. I prefer English and no frogs or 'orses' flesh, I'd 'ave you to know."

"You have the address?"

"Yes. 'Ere it is," producing from her ample bosom a torn and crumpled paper.

Joe was compelled to let go Emma's hand in order to repair to a lamp to decipher the address.

"33 Rue Bune-Brene Sene bazaré."

"Sene fiddlesticks, young man," cried Mrs. Pierson, snatching the precious document. "'Ere, you feller!"

—to the driver—"go to this address, Ally, Ally!"

The driver in turn repaired to the lamp, turned the paper upside down, closed it up, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, indulged in one or two despairing gestures, and spoke for five minutes in such rapid French as not only to take away his own breath but that of the entire party.

"He's mad!" exclaimed Mrs. Pierson.

"Oh, gracious!" chipped in Emma.

A dawn of intelligence broke upon the driver's face. He re-examined the paper, uttered an exclamation of delight, pointed to the interior of the vehicle and pantomimically manifested a burning desire to start.

"You sit beside me, h'Emma," said Mrs. Pierson.

"I like to sit with my back to the 'orses, mama."

"Do as you're bid, miss. Tals Gladstone will fit in beside Mr. Potts."

Joe, for reasons best known to himself, had left one seat of honor vacant facing the horses.

Miss Emma very reluctantly obeyed. The door was banged to by the exultant coachman, and the vehicle passed out of the gates of the Gare du Nord as the clock struck two.

Away rattled the hack, bumping, jolting and rocking through narrow, dismal and cut-throat looking streets, dark as Erebus and uneven as some of the thoroughfares left unpaved in New York, owing to

the appropriations of the late Mr. Tweed. Onward it jolted as if the springs would snap and as if the vehicle itself would turn over.

Half-past two by an illuminated clock; three by a ditto. The day began to dawn. Sparrows commenced to twitter. A broad street into which they suddenly turned threw a bright light into the coach.

"What are you doing with your 'and, h'Emma? Take it away. How dare you let a stranger 'old your 'and, you shameless minx. Young man, I'll let Monseer Price know of your impudence. Get out of the coach this instant. Hi! hi! Stop! stop!"

The vehicle pulled up.

"Get out this minute, sir. I'll have no such rash goings on with my daughter. I'll let you know that we are respectable people as don't want such tricks. If your h'intentions is 'onorable you can tell 'em to Monseer Price. Get out at once or I will; choose now. You can sit beside the driver. Yes or no?"

And the wrathful lady, in a perfect whirlwind of rage, would listen to nothing, and absolutely pushed the abashed and irritated Joe from the hack. Then she broke Emma's heart, and it was to the music of that young lady's howls that Mr. Potts climbed on a box that was perched on the driver's seat.

Cramped, cold, and feeling himself a blooming idiot perched like a crow on a perch that threatened to decant him at every lurch of the vehicle, our hero traveled for yet another hour and until the hack finally pulled up at a trim little house in the village of Notoline. It was broad daylight and a lovely morning.

Joe descended to terra firma as best he could. He disdained all overtures at reconciliation, doing the high and mighty and haughty, assisted in flinging Mrs. Pierson's baggage to the dusty road, and majestically entering the vehicle ordered the coachman by expressive signs to return to Paris.

"My first night in Paris has panned out pretty meanly," he muttered, as at 4 o'clock the hack drew up at the Hotel Richelieu Rue Mauvieu. "But I'll be laid out by a clam if I don't get even with it before twenty-four hours roll by."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If anyone wants to find out how Joe Potts made his first mash in Paris and what happened out of it, let him keep his eye skinned till next week or he will be severely left. It is too rich to miss.

JOHAN MOST, THE FAMOUS SOCIALIST.

[With Portrait.]

On Saturday, Dec. 16, a distinguished visitor, Herr Johan Most arrived in New York and was received by the socialists of the metropolis, who had a grand pow wow over the famous leader. He is immediately interesting to the most rabid of his class from the fact that he was imprisoned for eighteen months in London for publishing articles inciting to murder in a socialist paper called the *Freiheit*, of which he was editor. He is a determined and outspoken hater of kings and boldly proclaims that the best thing the people can do with them is to kill them.

The upper part of a house near the end of Great Titchfield street, London, served for some months as the publishing and printing office of the *Freiheit* and as a residence for the editor, Johan Most. He has never shrouded himself in mystery of any sort but has been ready to talk to inquirers and give all information regarding his doctrines, speaking, if necessary, hesitatingly and imperfectly in English but always breaking off into fluent and vigorous German when he finds that understood. Since his birth in Augsburg 35 years ago he has been required so often to "move on" by the police that he has never had time to become thoroughly domiciled. He was apprenticed to a bookbinder and becoming somewhat independent refused to go any more to confession.

One of the priests thought to overcome this boyish obstinacy by a free use of his riding whip and on Most showing an inclination to use force in return he was marched off to prison.

"Since that day," he says proudly, "I have never entered a church."

In 1871 he first came before the public in connection with some socialistic agitation in Vienna, was then arrested and found guilty of high treason. The general amnesty however released him and he got to Chemnitz, a large manufacturing town in Saxony, one of the socialistic strongholds, where he settled.

His record for some time is rather monotonous after this—prosecution followed prosecution till in 1873 he was expelled the country. He repaired to Mayence and founded a newspaper and in the following January was first elected a member of the Reichstag. This took him to Berlin, where his tongue and pen soon won him a foremost place among the popular leaders in the workmen's suburbs. One of his speeches on the Paris Commune got him again into trouble and he was arrested and tried for inciting to rebellion. Condemned in the first instance, he appealed to a higher court, pleading his case with marked ability, but succeeded only in adding another month to his sentence.

The imprisonment of nearly two years that followed was in some respects the turning point of his life. He has published a graphic account of it in the "Plotzensee Bastille; Leaves from My Prison Diary," and as he was allowed a good supply of books he came out with a fair stock of information of a miscellaneous sort. As he says frankly he owes his education to his imprisonments. The book that he was fondest of quoting and that appears to have had most influence on him was Buckle's "History of Civilization." He came out of the "Bastille" embittered against the government and indeed against all governments and at once renewed his agitation more fiercely than ever.

A WICKED WIFE.

A scandal affecting the oldest and wealthiest families in and around Brandywine township, Ind., came out on Dec. 14. Twelve years ago Dick Goodrich, a young and wealthy farmer of the section named, married Miss Rachael Bass, aged 16, a belle and the representative of a very tony family of the neighborhood. For ten years, during which time four children were born to them, the young couple lived in enviable happiness. Two years ago, however, Goodrich grew jealous and suspected his wife of "crooked" tendencies. He especially objected to the attentions paid Mrs. Goodrich by his cousin, a handsome young man named William Allen. On Dec. 14, after being followed up pretty closely in regard to questionable points in her conduct, Mrs. Goodrich confessed to her husband that Allen had seduced her. Goodrich at once took her to her father's house, where she confessed a second time to her aged parent. Then her husband went for her seducer but his relatives wrapped him in blankets, put him in a farm wagon and had him driven away, and thus his life was preserved. There will be a divorce suit.

A PARSON LYNCHED.

He Starts a Revival in Church and
Raises the Devil out of It.

The Crooked Dominie Outrages one of
His Congregation, and his Beloved
Brethren send Him to Glory.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A few years ago the Rev. James Rector created a furor of religious fervor in Dearborn county, Indiana, by his eloquence and saintliness. An inquiry was set on foot a few weeks ago by his old parishioners but little could be learned of him until a fortnight since, when a well-known commercial traveller, stopping at the old Indiana House in Aurora, Ind., related the story of his tragic ending near a little country village a short distance from Springfield, Missouri. The traveler stated that his knowledge of the affair was obtained by being in the neighborhood at the time the tragedy took place, about one year ago.

Rector had located there and engaged actively in ministerial work. His prepossessing manners and oratorical powers soon brought him into prominence and gained him great popularity as a preacher. His custom of boarding around among the members of his congregation had introduced him into a respectable family consisting of two grown sons and a daughter, the latter the acknowledged belle of that vicinity. The preacher soon professed to be enamored of the farmer's daughter, and Dame Rumor had it that a wedding would be the result of this acquaintance. A protracted meeting was shortly afterward begun in that circuit, and under the powerful preaching of Rector quite a revival had broken out. For days the religious excitement was kept up, the people flocking in crowds for miles around to listen to the impassioned eloquence of the famous preacher.

One night, after a sermon of unusual effect that had brought many converts to the cause of Christ, the congregation was dismissed and Rector started, as was his habit, to accompany to her home the girl it was supposed he intended to marry. A distance of over a mile had to be traveled. On the way, and while passing a lonely wood, he made indecent proposals to the girl which she resented. He attacked her with violence, overpowered and dragged her into the dark woods. The father and brothers, who had preceded her homeward, waited before retiring for her return. Minutes lengthened into hours, and still she did not arrive. Alarmed and anxious, they waited no longer, but started back to ascertain the cause of her delay. She was found wandering in the highway, crazed with excitement, almost denuded of clothing and bleeding from the injuries sustained in trying to protect her honor. The story was soon told, and while the father cared for the unfortunate girl the brothers mounted their horses and started to arouse the neighbors and avenge a sister's wrongs.

A force of pursuing men soon overtook the fleeing criminal and brought him back to the scene of his outrage. There sentence of death was pronounced, and preparations were made to hang him by the roadside. All being in readiness he begged for a few moments to pray. The privilege was granted, and there upon his knees, in the solemn hush of midnight, with the rope that was to launch him into eternity around his neck, and the flickering glare of the blazing torch in the hands of his enemies illuminating in all their dreadful terrors the murderous scowl of his executioners; with the shadows of expiring hope settling around him, this man weakened not in the strange power he possessed to move men with the winsome words of prayer. As his voice swelled out on the night air and broke the awful stillness of that weird scene the deep pathos and stirring sublimity of his earnest supplication began to exert a softening influence upon the group that grimly surrounded him. Fascinated by his power, one by one they sank upon their knees beside the wretched man, and the strong resolve to punish him was melting like wax away.

Suddenly the father, remembering the miseries of his blighted home, shouted to his sons to seize the rope that swung across the limb above their heads and "pull him up before he prays himself out." Willing hands and strong arms obeyed the command, and the body of James Rector dangled in the air. The next day his corpse was cut down and buried beneath the tree on which he was hung. The revival meeting was discontinued for the want of a minister.

AN UNRULY MEMBER.

Major Todd's Patent Spring Leg Breaks Loose
and Makes Trouble in Church.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A veracious scribe of Bangor, Me., reports a very startling church episode. Major Todd, of Bangor, lost his right leg at the battle of Fredericksburg and some time ago he purchased an artificial leg from a man in Washington. It contained a system of springs which enabled the Major to use it in such a natural manner that when he was walking along the street nobody would for a moment suppose that he had not both his own legs.

One Sunday while the major was on his way to church he slipped upon the ice and gave the store leg a severe wrench. He must have dislocated some of the springs, for after reaching the church and taking his seat and while the clergyman was reading the Scriptures the leg suddenly flew up and rested on the back of the seat in front of him. The congregation looked at him in amazement and he looked very red in the face. As soon as he took it down it jumped up again and wiggled about on the back of the pew, finally kicking Mrs. Thompson's bonnet to rags. Then the major suppressed it again and held it down but it instantly began a convulsive movement in his own paw, during which it upset the stools, plunged around among the hymn books and hats and hammered the board beneath the seat until it made such a racket that the minister had to stop. The sexton rushed in to find out what was the matter and the major after explaining the matter in a whisper asked the sexton to let him lean on him while he charged on the front door. As soon as the major got into the aisle, that disconsolate leg kicked the sexton sixteen or seventeen times in a most insolent manner, varying the exercise by making eccentric swoops off to one side, during which it kicked eight of the high hats at the pew doors into black silk chaos.

By the time the major reached the vestibule the leg had become perfectly reckless. It flew up before and it flew up behind. It butted against the good leg and

darted out sidewise and described circles and tried to insert its toes in the major's coat tail pockets and to whack him on the nose. When the sexton came with the back and put the major in it the leg banged through the window glass and when the driver got down to see about it the leg brandished itself in his face and concluded the exercise by planting a terrible blow in his stomach. Then the major told the driver that he would give him ten dollars to take the leg off and the driver accepted the offer. For several minutes it eluded all his efforts to catch it as it danced about but finally he got hold of it and hung on while the major tried to unbuckle the straps.

Then it came off and rolled the driver in the mud. He got up to watch it. It writhed and kicked and kicked and jumped and throbbed and hopped and whenever it would make a dash to one side or the other the crowd would scatter in order to give it full play. Finally Ben Woolley set his dog on it and a most exciting contest ensued, the leg two or three times running on with the dog and it seemed likely that the dog would get whipped. Mr. Woolley got a crowbar and aimed a blow at the leg with the intent to smash it. But he missed it and nearly killed the dog. As soon as the dog retired Mr. Woolley whacked it again and it burst into splinters and then there was peace. The major drove home and got his crutches and since then he has confined himself to the use of a wooden leg without springs.

A "CROOK'S" HONEYMOON.

The Criminal Undertakes Extensive Swindles and
Skins, Leaving His Young Bride in the Lurch.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Bullard, married a month ago in Baltimore, have been spending the honeymoon in this city, staying at Earle's Hotel. On Wednesday morning, Dec. 20, Mr. Bullard gave his wife a Christmas present of a check for \$2,000 drawn on the Fifth Avenue Bank. Mrs. Bullard hurried to the bank but when she presented the check the paying teller hesitated, consulted with cashier A. S. Frissell and she was requested to step into the ladies' waiting room. She soon ascertained that her husband was a swindler, that he had made an attempt to cheat the bank out of \$9,000 and that the central office detectives were looking for him. Inspector Byrnes soon satisfied himself that the woman was an innocent victim and she went to her apartments at Earle's Hotel to discover that her husband had abandoned her and that a detective watched her rooms. Mrs. Bullard met the rascal in Baltimore five weeks ago. She was a widow. They met in a boarding house and when he asked her to be his wife he said that he had ample means and exhibited what appeared to be bank books, certificates of stock and receipts from safe deposit companies. They were married and came to this city on Nov. 23. Bullard affected extreme piety, visited charitable institutions and prayed ostentatiously night and morning. Soon after his arrival in this city Bullard made the acquaintance of a grocer who has an account at the Fifth Avenue Bank. The swindler, who gave his name as W. C. Russell, induced the grocer to introduce him at the bank and opened an account, depositing a check for \$9,000 on the Western Bank of Philadelphia. All his attempts to draw against the check were fruitless and the check came back marked N. G. As a matter of course all the banks and Inspector Byrnes were given notice. A day or two later the swindler's plans were exposed by the arrival for certification from the Tarrytown National Bank of a check drawn by W. C. Russell for \$9,000. Bullard gained nothing by this transaction. Then came Mrs. Bullard's check for \$2,000. It was signed R. C. Bullard but the handwriting was "Russell's" and the identification of it by the paying teller was instantaneous. The police say that Bullard has been operating in Washington, Baltimore, Utica and Tarrytown. The swindler is described as about 55 years old, with gray mustache, mixed gray hair and blue eyes. He is about 5 ft. 5 in. high and has a slight, Irish brogue. He is a dapper, well dressed little fellow and a good talker. A few nights before he was in the possession of money and his wife saw him count a package which contained \$1,000 in their room. It is supposed that he made this money in some transaction of which the police have yet to hear.

HIS INTENTIONS WERE NOT HONORABLE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The alpaca mother got on the war path the other night at one of our theatres. The cause of the demonstration was the ardent devotion of an elderly masher to the said mother's offspring, who was a member of the ballet. The irate parent discovered the senile swain taking certain liberties with the fair coryphee's ruby lips in the seclusion that the side scene grants and pounced on him with the vigor of a spile driver. The victim was only too glad to get off with a torn coat and the old lady bought herself a new dress next day and had enough left over to set up the beers with. Virtue has been truly said to be its own reward. Anyone who still doubts it can satisfy himself by contemplating the fair members of the profession, who on salaries of \$10 a week sport sealskins and diamonds enough to turn the milk of human kindness in the breast of a pawnbroker's wife to gall and wormwood. Yea, verily!

OPIUM'S WORSHIPER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The worship of opium has become alarmingly prevalent in America, especially in the faster circles. The worshippers of the baleful drug abound among us and their wrecks fill our hospitals and morgues. But still the vice spreads with insidious persistency, for while those who practice it well know the end they are inviting they surrender themselves to its allurements, reckless of results.

The wreathing vapor of the deadly bowl assumes the similitude of a spectral warning but a warning which goes unheeded until it is too late to be of service.

A FIRE QUEEN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A very shallow trick was played with effect at Daly's Theatre in New York, on Saturday evening Dec. 16. A window curtain in one of the scenes of the drama "Our English Friend," was brought in contact with a gasjet, and Miss Ada Rehan, prompt to her cue, pulled down the flaming lace, trampled on it, extinguished it and received a round of applause from the ushers. How very heroic! This is the latest managerial dodge to replace the floral offering racket, and to get the favorite actress of the company noticed in the newspapers when the latter begin to sour on her. Miss Rehan is evidently expert in playing with fire.

A BLOODY VENDETTA.

The True History of an Arkansas Family of Avengers
Revealed.

The following particulars have come to light: At the beginning of the rebellion Abraham Hall lived in one of the thinly settled border counties of Texas. He was 70 years old, wealthy, owning a large tract of land and great herds of cattle and a large but not costly residence. He had a family of one boy aged 10 and four girls from 8 to 18 years old. The man claimed to be neutral and while his neighbors were bucking on the armor Hall remained at home. The south called for every man capable of bearing arms. Texas seceded. Hall was called on to volunteer but declined. One night a party of twelve rode up to the house and repeated the demand for volunteers.

The old man said he preferred death. He was taken from the house to a little ravine 200 yards away, a rope put around his neck, the end thrown over a tree and Hall was once asked to reconsider his answer but declined. Whereupon he was drawn up and let down senseless. Recovering, he again refused and again he was drawn up. This horrible scene was continued till the victim ceased to breathe. The party then rode away. The son of Hall had followed the party and hiding behind a clump of bushes was a silent, horrified spectator. He recognized every actor in the cruel affair. When the men galloped away he ran from his hiding place, cut down the body and flinging himself upon it registered an oath to slay every man who had taken part in his father's death.

The war ended and young Hall managed his father's estate and prospered. His sisters aided him. Almost their nearest neighbor was Frank Parker, who led the band that hung Hall in 1865. Twenty miles east lived John and Thomas Mantooth, two members of the party, and the remainder were scattered throughout the state. In October, 1878, young Hall bade his sisters good-bye forever, saying, "The time for revenge has come," and without further explanation he mounted a horse and rode swiftly away. An hour later he drew up in front of Frank Parker's dwelling. Parker was in the yard.

"I came to ask you why you killed my father," Hall said to him. Parker gave a reason, adding that his conscience had troubled him ever since. Hall asked him if he was armed and when the man drew a pistol Hall did likewise and fired. Parker dropped in the agonies of death. The next day Hall visited the Mantooths. John Mantooth he shot dead on the open prairie, after explaining his visit. Thomas Mantooth met a similar fate on the public highway. Before long another of the twelve had been slain, Hall killing his man in a saloon brawl in San Antonio.

By this time the remaining members of the band became alarmed and Hall suddenly paused in his career of bloodshed. For more than a year nothing had been heard of him and the surviving objects of his hatred began to think he had perished, when suddenly he reappeared. This time his victim was Rose, one of the twelve. Rose and Hall met one evening in the winter of 1880 in a little village on the Mexican border. A street fight ensued and Rose was killed, falling from his horse and dying on the spot, while Hall though wounded in three places put spurs to his horse and dashed away. The friends of Rose pursued him into Texas. Pursuit was continued for three days, the friends of his former victims joining in the chase. Hall at last was run to cover in sight of his home and near the spot where sixteen years before his father had met with his death.

Here Hall turned on the pursuing party and fought until he was riddled with bullets. His eldest sister was a horrified spectator of the tragic death of her brother. The year after she met one of the party in a neighboring town. She was in company with a female friend and despite the entreaties of her companion called the man to her slipping her hand into a pocket of her dress as she did so.

"Captain Davis," said she, when the man came up to her, "you helped kill my brother," and drawing a revolver fired at him. Davis was seriously wounded and in the confusion the girl escaped. This act of the young woman alarmed all those who had taken part in the death of young Hall and they resolved upon the extermination of the entire family of Hall, of whom only three were living—three sisters. One night after Davis' life had been attempted the Hall household was surrounded by masked men, the barred doors broken down and the three girls mercilessly murdered. The assassins then fired the house and disappeared. The tragedy caused a sensation but the explanation made by interested parties that the Indians or Greasers had murdered the girls and that they plundered the house and set it on fire, was generally accepted and only lately have the facts leaked out.

A FICKLE FAIR ONE.

One Bride, Two Bridegrooms, Much Fuss and No
Marriage After All.

A very fickle 18 year old Kentucky beauty, Miss Lizzie T. Morton, of Madisonville, Ky., has been making an unprecedented sensation in that town. After being besieged by suitors for her hand for six months her followers were shaken off until there remained only two young men whose claims and chances were about equal. These were Joel D. McPherson of Hopkinsville, Ky., and Neville L. Holman of Madisonville, both of good families and wealthy. The public had very little idea which of the two young gentlemen would win the prize until the cards were issued about the last of November announcing that Mr. McPherson and Miss Morton would be married on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6, and the prospective bride and groom made extensive preparations for the important event. But even the sending of the wedding cards never caused young Holman to cease hoping and fighting for success. Consequently on Monday evening preceding the Wednesday evening set for the marriage Holman visited Miss Morton and succeeded in changing her mind and when he left her that evening it was with the solemn promise from her that she would discard McPherson and marry him, Holman, on the following Wednesday evening.

Elate over his success, Holman early next morning boarded the train for Evansville and bought his wedding clothes and a diamond ring and other presents for the dear one whom he was to call his wife. In the meantime the young lady had notified McPherson that she had changed her mind and that he need not come. But McPherson, remembering that faint heart never won fair lady and having great confidence in his personal influence with the young lady took the first train to that town. Holman also returned on the same day he left, spending only a few hours in Evansville.

The result was that each of them was in town on the evening preceding the one on which the wedding was to occur and they each visited the to-be-bride, meeting each other at the Morton residence, and pressed their respective claims. The result of the visit was that the young lady again declared McPherson to be her choice and affairs remained in McPherson's favor until next day at noon, when Miss Morton decided not to marry either and the invited guests were notified there would be no wedding, it having been postponed indefinitely. So the public regarded the matter finally settled until Dec. 12, when it became noted publicly that McPherson, who had remained in Madisonville most of the time since the evening the wedding was to have first occurred, and the young lady would be married on the 13th. This last sudden and unexpected change after the wedding had been announced as postponed caused renewed interest to be taken in the affair, as each young man had enlisted sympathy and supporters and divided the town into factions.

The utmost excitement prevailed, the report having, apparently with some foundation, been made on the morning of Dec. 13 that the young lady would again change and marry Holman in the evening instead of McPherson, but she decided late in the evening to again postpone the matter, her father having persuaded her to discard both the young men and visit Europe with him for the next year.

The friends of each young man seem to be sadly disappointed and the public more so because no wedding occurred after having been twice announced to take place. It is said the excitement caused by this affair is not confined to Madisonville alone, but that pools have been selling on each of the young men in the surrounding towns. So nobody wins and the bets must be drawn. Some of the disappointed gamblers suggest that the young lady, being in such great doubt, should toss up between the lovers, heads or tails to win. She never thought of that, however, so she goes unmarried to Europe to catch a nobleman and make his life miserable with her caprices.

MURDER AT A PARTY.

A Jealous Negro Runs Amuck With Shotgun and
Knife, Killing Two of the Merry-makers.

There was a negro party in full blast at 177 Buffalo avenue, Brooklyn, on the night of Dec. 21. The mokes, male and female, were having a jolly time standing in the well at an awful depth in feet (ocular testimony measurement) and in dancing with the wild abandon of their race. When the festivities were at their height, however, a negro named Alexander Jefferson, who had been left out in the cold and rain, crawled up to the lighted window and fired a shotgun point blank into the merry assemblage, killing Henry Hicks and wounding his own brother, Celestial Jefferson, who was disporting among the dusky belles.

Celestial, suspecting that the attack had been made by his brother, rushed out doors, and after a struggle took the shotgun away and ran to the stationhouse to notify the police. Alexander then drew a knife and rushed into the house, slashing at the company right and left. When the police arrived they found Ella Jackson, aged 50, dead, having been stabbed twice, each wound being fatal, and Anna Jackson, aged 24, bleeding from eight stab wounds. The murderer got away, but Inspector Murray was notified and the New York police were put on the alert, so there is no chance for the murderous "coon," who has been in the hands of the New York "coops" several times before for slashing people with a razor.

Alexander Jefferson, who was a horse dealer, lived next door to the scene of the tragedy. He had had a long standing dispute with his brother, which had of late quickened into jealousy because Annie Jackson, a comely colored woman, whose favor Alexander sought in vain, had begun to show affection for his rival. Henry Hicks lived next door, and on the evening above mentioned entertained some of his friends there, including Annie Jackson and Celestial Jefferson. Alexander determined to break the party up. It is believed that he aimed at his brother, but the shot only just grazed him and struck and instantly killed Henry Hicks. Then he ran into the house and made a deadly assault upon the inmates, overpowering the old woman and doing his utmost to kill Annie Jackson, whose desperate struggles saved her life for the time. Her wounds are likely to prove fatal yet.

A MONKEY MURDERER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An organ grinder named Pietri, residing in a wretched garret in Baxter street, New York, was the victim of most remarkable retributive justice on Dec. 20. He was in the habit of brutally abusing his wife when he was in his cups, and during these scenes of violence the favorite monkey used to be an interested spectator of the scene of violence, from a safe corner of observation. On the night of the 20th while Pietri was lying in bed in a drunken slumber, the monkey utilized his observations and after the imitative style of Jocko, undertook to act out on his own account the scene of brutality he had witnessed so often. Arming himself with a bottle, the monkey rushed to the bedside and shivered the weapon on the head of the sleeping man, who was injured so badly that his life is despaired of. Poor Jocko escaped through the window when the other Italian tenants of the house went for him, and has remained for a fortnight an outlaw and a highwayman of the roofs, disputing the sovereignty with vagrant cats.

A FATAL FLIRTATION.

A High-Toned Texan Shot For Writing a Love
Letter to Another Man's Wife.

On Sunday night, Dec. 2, D. H. Bibb, formerly of Austin, Texas, who established a sanitarium at Monterey, Mexico, about ten months ago, shot W. A. Gray in the head, inflicting a wound that will prove fatal. Gray was from Little Rock, Ark., and in Mexico for his health. He stopped at Bibb's and became too intimate with the latter's wife, writing her notes, one of which Bibb intercepted. Upon reading it he got drunk, took a lamp and entered the room where Gray slept and shot him. All the parties are well known and highly respected, of course, for according to Texas papers there is no other kind of people inhabiting the state.

A DEAF and dumb girl of Detroit gains an advantage in a breach of promise suit through her infirmity. The defendant necessarily used her tablet in making his proposal of marriage, and she had sufficient forethought to preserve the writing.



SPOILING A MASH.

HOW JOE POTTS LOST HIS FIRST NIGHT IN PARIS AND GOT A COLD RIDE IN HIS OWN COACH.—SEE "PARIS INSIDE OUT," PAGE 6.



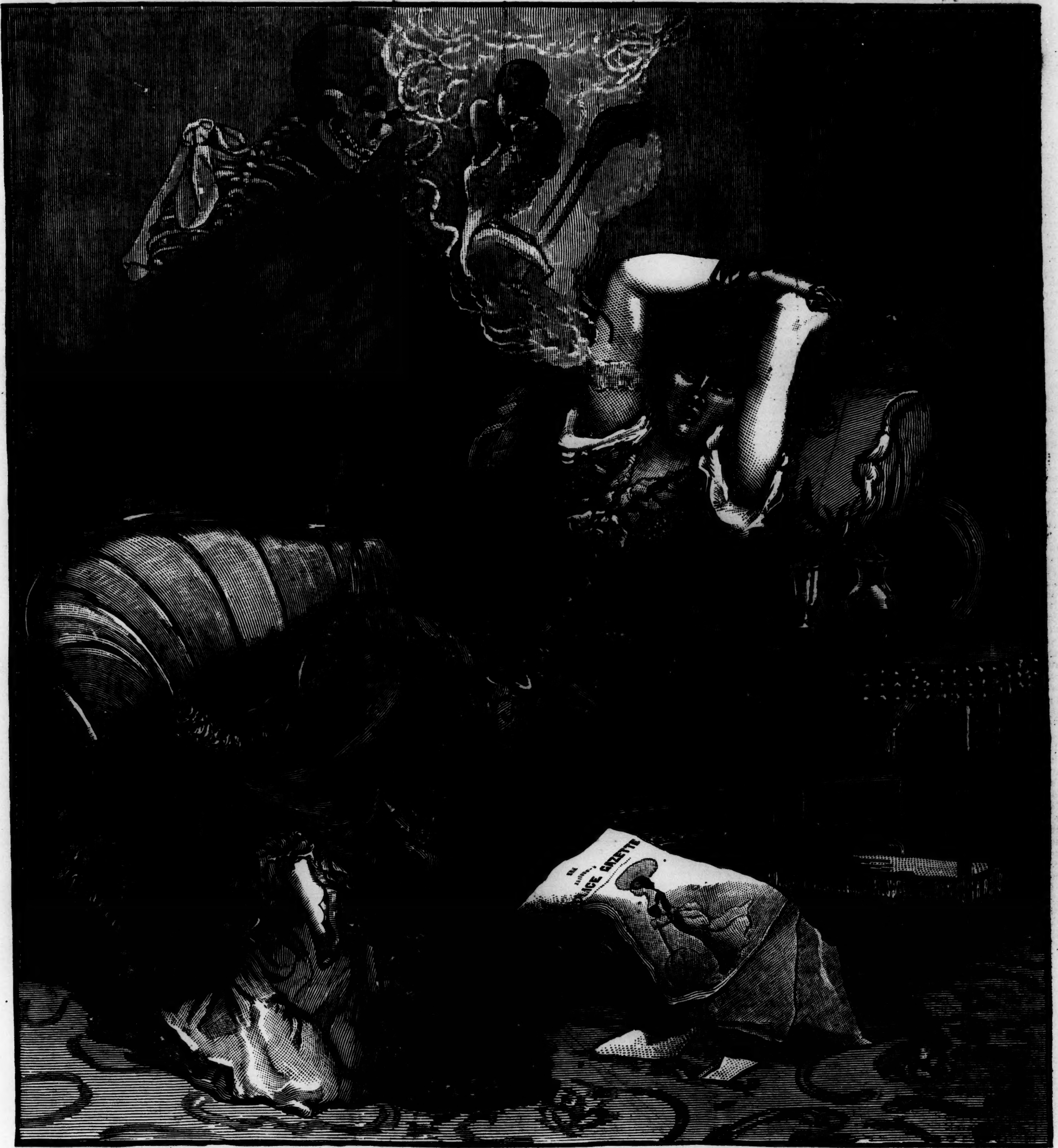
A DRAMATIC FIRE QUEEN.

A THRILLING ADVERTISING DODGE GOTTEN UP BY A NEW YORK THEATRE MANAGER TO GIVE PROMINENCE AND A PUFF TO HIS FAVORITE LEADING ACTRESS.



A PARSON STRUNG UP.

A METHODIST PREACHER OF SPRINGFIELD, MO., WHO OUTRAGED A YOUNG LADY, HUNG BY LYNCHERS WHILE TRYING TO MOVE HIS CAPTORS WITH ELOQUENT PRAYERS.



THE WORSHIP OF DEATH.

HOW OPIUM'S VICTIM REVELS IN HER FATAL VICE, AND TAKES NO WARNING FROM THE VISION OF THE PIPE IN WHOSE SMOKE HER LIFE DRIFTS AWAY.



AN UNRULY MEMBER.

MAJOR TODD'S PATENT SPRING LEG BREAKS LOOSE AND MAKES TROUBLE IN CHURCH AT BANGOR, ME.



A MONKEY MURDERER.

HOW A FAITHFUL AND IMITATIVE JOCKO AVENGED HIS MISTRESS BY NEARLY KILLING HER HUSBAND, IN NEW YORK.

SAINTS ON THE LOOSE.

How High-Toned American Pilgrims Act While Abroad.

A Sheeny Interpreter Gives Away the Antics of a Religious Caravan Touring the Holy Land.

A young man, aged 23, who calls himself Dick Fenshal, a chap with a decidedly Hebrew cast of countenance, has been giving away a party of religious pilgrims to the Holy Land, for whom he says he acted as an interpreter during the whole trip. He said to a Pittsburgh, Pa., reporter, who interviewed him on Dec. 3:

One Sunday in June of 1881 I attended one of Moody and Sankey's meetings in Chicago and as I came out smoking a short pipe some one ran against me and I uttered an oath. An old man passing checked me and stopped to speak of the evil of swearing. This was Mr. McClellan and it was he who introduced me into the community referred to. I was at the time employed in the city but being offered a place at the Spafford country residence, a delightful place, I thought it as good a summer resort as I could wish and accepted. I grew in favor with Mr. and Mrs. Spafford and while there saw many curious exhibitions of Mrs. Spafford's power in healing and prophesying.

She did little without first asking God, as she said. For instance, I was very anxious at one time to get a letter from my father in Germany and so remarked in her presence one day. She said she would ask God when I would receive one. She then went into a sort of spasm. The muscles of her face and body twitched, her eyes dilated, her face became pale and she frothed at the mouth. This condition ended with a sort of explosion at the mouth and she recovered.

"God tell me you will get a letter at eleven o'clock to-day," she said. I laughed at the prophecy and said I would believe when I saw it. At eleven o'clock I went to the post office and received a letter.

The preaching and deeds of Mrs. Spafford went abroad and resulted in establishing a community, all of the members of which professed her power. These met at the place mentioned just out of Chicago and held a camp-meeting which attracted great crowds. They professed to have direct communication at all times with God and He directed them in everything. One day a message came to one Mr. Oudy while praying and he got up and announced that God wanted them to go to Jerusalem and re-establish there the kingdom of the Jews. The announcement caused a great sensation and there were loud cries of hallelujah and all that.

God was asked then who should go and when and in answer some seventeen persons were named, exclusive of their children and servants. They were to start on the 17th of August. Among the number directed to go were Mr. and Mrs. Spafford, Mr. Moore, an iron merchant, Mr. Page, a real estate broker of London, Ont., Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Gould and Miss Merri-man, an artist. Every member of the company was wealthy and did not hesitate a moment. Preparations were made on the most lavish scale and when prepared to leave there were trunks and baggage enough to fill a room. In the meantime Mr. Spafford had come to me one day and said:

"Dick, I have a message for you."

"Who from?" I asked.

"From God," he said.

Of course I had to kneel down and receive this in due form. It was to the effect that I must go along. "I am not directed to pay you a salary," said Mr. Spafford, "but if you are a good boy I will see that it will be all right for you."

Of course I was glad of the chance at such a trip. I had suggested that they couldn't speak the language when they did get to Jerusalem and they saw the force of it. I can speak five languages perfectly and I was to go along as general interpreter. Well, you know, to go on such a pilgrimage properly we had to go in good shape, so we left on the 17th of August in Pullman palace cars, stopped at the St. Louis hotel, the finest in Quebec on the 18th, and the next day took the steamer for Liverpool. On going aboard the steamship Mrs. Spafford fainted—the night of the wreck and her loss being brought so forcibly back to her. No one feared, however, as the Lord had told them that no accidents would happen. He had told them, too, that no one would get sick, but you should have seen those Christian pilgrims throw up before we had scarcely got out of the harbor. It was awful. On the way over the captain, Jos. E. Dutton, was converted but he was a crank anyhow. He had constructed a model of the ark and had all the paraphernalia of a gospel shop. He would play the piano with his big, thick fingers while they would sing their songs. Oh, it would make a cat sick.

I was reprimanded for swearing and also for drinking a cocktail while aboard ship. In Liverpool carriages took us to the best hotel and that night I got away from them, though contrary to instructions, and took a room in the town. From here we were to go to Sundenham-hill, where Spafford had gone to advance and secured accommodations. There are three stations fronting the Sundenham crystal palace, namely Sundenham hill, Sundenham station and Sundenham crystal palace. Spafford's telegram was dated Sundenham simply and Oudy, who was the leader of the party when Spafford was away, did not know which of the three roads to take. Mrs. Spafford said she would ask God and immediately went through the customary manœuvres and then announced that God said to take the Sundenham station.

The whole amount of the baggage was put aboard and all the women and children provided for and we were duly landed at Sundenham station. There was no provision for us there and inquiries developed that we were just nine miles out of the road.

"This must be right," insisted Mrs. Spafford to a map on the platform—a genuine English cockney—"this must be right; the Lord told us to come here."

The man cursed in reply and said: "To the station master."

So we had to get wagons and carriages and travel nine miles through an ugly cold rain, over muddy roads, the children crying and the women shivering, until we reached Sundenham hill. There we found elegant quarters prepared for us at the Langton-hill hotel. There were two pretty girls waited upon us there and subsequently they came to my room and passed some jokes with me. Encouraged by their freedom I took hold of one and she screamed. This

brought several of the pilgrims to my room and Spafford demanded that I report to him at once. I did so and he threatened if such conduct was repeated that I would be sent away.

We went to London with but little delay and thence to Dover and Calais. Here my work began. I became interpreter for my people, none of whom could say more than a word or two of French. In all the European countries the people understand some little of the English language, especially those people about hotels. Spafford asked a waiter for some soup. The waiter brought him a bowl of soup, as he had understood the order, and just then you should have heard that Christian pilgrim swear—good round blasphemy. We stayed in Paris seven days and we had a great time in the Quartier Latin and Mabilly. The pilgrims spent a great deal of money in Paris, as all Americans do, and I was the middleman in the matter of their purchases and I managed to make no less than \$400 out of them here. I told the storekeepers who they were; that they had plenty of money and that I didn't mind their charging a fair price but that I wanted twelve per cent. of all the sales.

They agreed to this. I made the same arrangement with the hotels. I was a d-d fool in Liverpool, though, where I saw them change \$30,000 into English money and had a great deal of it in my hands. But these were the beauties of the trip.

I had to act as guide to those old women and that made the whole thing disgusting to me. To see them stand in front of some of the sacred pictures of the Tulleries, hear them claim about their beauty and then turn in the same breath to some utter stranger and say:

"My dear brother, do you believe in the Lord?"

Oh it was sickening. Mrs. Lee was a detestable old thing at best and Mayor Merriman as dry as a squeezed lemon. From Paris we went to South Italy and thence to Venice, Naples and Verona. We took boat again and it was five days before we reached Joppa, on the coast of Africa. There I was discharged from the service and sent back home. It happened in this way. There was a nice little girl taken along by Mrs. Spafford as a nurse. She was the most innocent girl I ever saw. I couldn't believe an American girl could be so innocent. Well, from the time we took the sleeping car at Chicago, until this time I speak of, I had been on the most intimate terms with her. She had no idea, it seemed, that she was doing anything wrong. I was lying in a state room on the boat as we neared Joppa. We were reading the Bible together, when Mrs. Spafford came upon us, and the circumstances left no doubt in her mind of the relationship. At Joppa Mr. Spafford came to me and said:

"Dick, where do you wish to go? To England or back to the United States?"

"Why, I'm going with you," I said.

"No, you are not," he said.

Explanations followed. He said I had ruined the girl, and I denied this.

"It is no use," he said, "she has just confessed everything to me."

So I said I would go back to the United States. On leaving the party, the girl—her name was Annie McCarthy—cried bitterly, and said she would be true to me until death. You see they had sort of put her in my charge from the first. I was to take especial care of her as I had been through the countries where we were to travel and feeling it a sacred trust I watched over her as closely as I did. Before I left the party they engaged another sheeny to fill my place. He claimed to be a Turkish Jew, but from his talk I judged that he was Polish. I gave him the points as to how I had worked them and I thought he might as well have the spoils, as I had to go. I have no doubt he was smarter than I was, and fleeced them even worse before he got through. Spafford, for what reason I do not know, came all the way back to Liverpool with me, paid my passage on the steamer Utopia and gave me \$250 in gold. Arrived in this country, I took a trip to Niagara Falls and other places, and finally got back to Chicago and was again taken into the community there for a time. Then I went down to Valparaiso and saw my dear Miss Skinner, with whom I had carried on a flirtation all the time of my being there before. She would not believe the stories against me. She had left this community by this time and no more believed in it. I got a situation in Chicago after that; then beat my way to Baltimore and to several other points, and finally got into an open stock car at Frederick Junction, Maryland, and after three days and three nights in ugly, wet and cold weather, arrived in Pittsburgh about four months ago, with 55 cents in my pocket. I had had \$9.50 but three tramps took it from me by threatening to kill me if I didn't give it up. I was sick when I arrived but some people whom I met were very kind to me and I recovered. I got a place in Herzog's variety store at \$6 per week.

"Have you heard from the pilgrims since you left them?"

"Oh, yes; I have received several letters, one of them from the girl Annie, describing their every day life, etc. They are going to remain there and are preaching in English to the few English speaking people there. They are a mystery to me. People with wealth and social position, they write of the beauties of walking under the trees where Christ stood, of the views and of the sacred associations of the place and yet they haven't good water to drink."

In speaking further of his checkered career he said that he had run away from the German army after some cruel treatment at the hands of officers and after receiving money from his father, who is a man of wealth, he made his way to this country.

A HAREM IN NEW YORK.

The Revelations of a Dandy Polygamist's Life Made by His Last Two Brides.

Subject of Illustration.]

A remarkable revelation was made to one of our correspondents in the case of Joseph Ryan, of Pittsburgh, who is in some trouble in Westchester county, New York, because he married two young ladies there during the past six months. The last two alleged against him that they found him already provided with wives, there being no less than four young women living with him, each claiming to be his wife and decrying the other as a fraud and a pretender. It was to this happy harem that Ryan had the cool cheek to introduce his latest victims, arguing in cold blood when they burst into tears and manifested an inclination to make a scene that there was no use crying about it, and that he would be true to all and make everything pleasant if they were wise enough to refrain from kicking up a fuss as their predecessors had done. The two brides, however, wouldn't be convinced, and caused Ryan's arrest.

ONE YEAR'S RECORD.

A Cursory Review of the "Police Gazette's" Great Sporting Events.

We may be pardoned if at the close of the old and beginning of the new year, we pause and give our readers a cursory retrospect of the ground we have covered in sporting affairs in the eventful twelve months past. It is with justifiable pride we refer to the progress of sports in all departments, to their added dignity, to the general interest manifested even in those forms of sporting that were on the wane when we took in the situation and tried our revivifying art on them.

As the first and greatest event of the year 1882 we matched Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., to fight for \$2,500 and gave him \$1,000 to bet in the ring, with the result of creating a genuine furore among the fancy and reviving an enduring public interest in pugilism; arranged the great six day race at Boston for the POLICE GAZETTE Diamond Belt, which was a big success; imported Tug Wilson, the great English pugilist, and put up \$1,000 forfeit to match him to fight John L. Sullivan; named Miss Amy Howard as contestant in the great six-day race for the female championship of the world, which was decided at Baltimore, Md. In every six-day race the POLICE GAZETTE had an entry, the POLICE GAZETTE champion being John Hughes.

Nearly all the great sporting events and prize fights during the year were arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office, which is now the Mecca of all sporting men. In order to promote boxing among the colored class Richard K. Fox donated a medal typical of the colored heavy-weight championship, which was competed for five times and finally won by Morris Hadley. A beautiful boxing trophy was also offered for the colored boxers of Illinois, and was finally, after three exciting contests, won by Seward. To encourage athletics Richard K. Fox also gave a medal for the Printer's Benevolent Association to compete for, and also a gold medal for the half-mile runners in New Jersey. Another valuable trophy was the POLICE GAZETTE medal for mixed wrestling which Donald Dinnie, Thomas F. Lynch and James C. Daly have competed for. Another wrestling trophy offered for competition by the POLICE GAZETTE was the medal for the light-weight collar-and-elbow championship, which was won by Michael Donahue at the tournament held in New York. To encourage athletic sports in Lynn, Mass., Mr. Fox also offered a trophy for 150-yard runners. To encourage club swinging the POLICE GAZETTE offered a championship trophy which Gus Hill won at Boston, Mass. Mr. Fox also offered L. E. Myers, the champion amateur runner, a medal as an inducement to beat the half-mile record and although he failed he was presented with the trophy. Richard K. Fox has also given a gold medal for light and heavy-weight boxing for Pennsylvania. Prof. John H. Clark has charge of one of the trophies and Arthur Chambers the other. The POLICE GAZETTE also sent a championship trophy to Colorado for pugilists to box for. It has been competed for by boxers at Leadville and Denver. In order to promote dog (whippet) racing Richard K. Fox offered a valuable gold champion collar which was run for at Pastime Park, under the management of Arthur Chambers, and the trophy was won by the dog Annie. He also presented Tug Wilson with a \$500 gold medal, and to George Holden he awarded another. He has also offered a gold medal representing the Græco-Roman wrestling championship, one for middle-weight boxers of Colorado, one for light-weight boxers of New York, and one for the middle-weight colored boxers of New York. He has also offered a trophy for the light-weight Græco-Roman champions.

How is all this for one year's efforts to elevate sport and give its votaries encouragement?

ASSAULTS ON WOMEN.

Shocking Outrages on Women Which Arouse Judge Lynch and Give Him Full Swing.

A LYNCHING party was organized near Danville, Va., on Dec. 6. On that date Geo. Price, a negro youth 17 years old, committed a criminal outrage on the person of Mrs. Mary Norton, a white lady aged 81 years. The unfortunate lady made a great outcry but was not heard till the scoundrel had effected his purpose. Her advanced age makes her recovery doubtful. Since the outrage farmers have been gathering from all quarters with the purpose of lynching the ravisher, who is in jail surrounded by a strong guard.

A WOMAN named Mrs. Hannah Powers, aged 22, accompanied by her little girl, while near West Overton, Pa., where she was walking on Dec. 9 on a visit to her mother, was overtaken in a piece of woods near her destination by a man named Michael Britt, a farm hand. Crazy from drink, the wretch caught hold of her and they engaged in a desperate struggle. The woman resisting with all her strength. The scuffle frightened the child, who ran to the village crying for help. She quickly told her story to the effect that a man was killing Mrs. Powers in the woods and a crowd hastened to the spot but Britt, having accomplished his devilish design, became aware of their approach and started on a run toward Overton station, hotly pursued by a number of persons, while others hastened to the woman, who was found lying on the ground insensible, almost naked, her clothes torn to shreds and a gash in her throat which was bleeding profusely. The woman was carried to the residence of her mother and in a short time by the aid of restoratives was able to tell her story. It was to the effect that Britt after tearing her clothes as he had took his penknife and threatened to murder her if she did not submit to his designs and in making another desperate effort to free herself from him he struck her with a knife, when she fainted and knew no more.

JULIUS FISCHER.

[With Portrait.]

Julius Fischer, whose picture we publish in this number of the POLICE GAZETTE, is at present very badly wanted at Leota, Miss., to answer for sundry crimes and misdemeanors. Mr. Fischer was the landing keeper at Leota and for some time had been suspected of swindling the shippers at that point in the freight weights and also collecting freight bills for the boats and holding the money for his own special use. Still, do what they would, it was impossible for the persons who suspected that all was not right to detect the festive Julius until, on the 24th of Oct., Captain J. M. Stone, cotton tax collector of Washington county, having procured satisfactory evidence that Fischer, who was landing agent for the collection of the cotton at Leota, was in default to the Levee board in the

amount of \$300, procured a warrant for Fischer's arrest on a charge of embezzlement. The defendant gave bond to answer the state at the next term of the circuit court. His bond was in the sum of \$1,000 and upon giving it Fischer skipped the country, leaving his bondsmen sadder if not wiser men. Fischer is a man about 5ft. 6 or 7in. tall, long head, black hair and brown mustache, lower front teeth lost and has a decided squint in the right eye. He is a man to look out for.

A SPICY SCANDAL.

The Troubles of a Young Blood in Trying to be a "Naughty, Naughty Man."

They have gay young men of the Pimples variety in Cincinnati as well as in New York. The one of all these Porkopolis chaps who aspires to be the bloodiest of the bloods, is a certain Harry Lee. After several affairs with the actresses of traveling troops, including a grand mashing effort on the members of "the Rice Surprise Party," he finally, a year ago, took up with a certain beautiful member of the Cincinnati *demi monde* named Rose Millard. They were so sweet on each other that all their off hours were passed together, and he "had 'em" so bad that he twice proposed marriage to her. She refused, of course, not being of the marrying sort, and he kept right on showering his wealth on her, parading her in public and taking her out for a drive every Sunday. At last, however, as the summer waned so his love began to. He met a certain society lady, a Mrs. S., who took kindly to him. Getting the permission of her husband to take her to the theatre on several occasions, a mutual mash was the result and a *liaison* was soon begun. Rose detected the nigger in the fence and kicked up a row, threatening to thrash both her rival and her lover. He continued the new alliance on the sly, however, and about a month ago Rose kept her promise. She lay for the pair on a fashionable promenade in Cincinnati and wrecked her rival's toilet badly. This made a sensation, and the husband of Mrs. S., meeting Rose, the latter gave away the whole business, even handing over to him the love letters his wife had written to Lee. The husband said he didn't want to make a fuss about it and get rid of his wife—the society lady—as he loved her still, and moreover, he was influenced by the fact that she is to come into a pretty large sized fortune in solid cash in a few months. So he proposed that he should burn the letters in the presence of all parties and there should be a general reconciliation all around—Harry resuming his Rose and Mr. S. taking back his society bride. This was done a month ago, and all parties entered on a new era of bliss. Rose, however, had lost faith in Harry, but when accused he was very earnest in his protests that he had given Mrs. S. up for good and would never see her again. Rose, however, rung him up through the telephone the next day at his office and giving the name of Mrs. S., asked him if he would meet her at a certain rendezvous and take her out for a drive. He eagerly consented, and going to the trysting place was confronted by the furious Rose, who tore out his hair and made ribbons of his shirt bosom. He is so badly broken up that he will not be in mashing condition by the time Mrs. Langtry arrives in Cincinnati and sets all the bloods on fire. It's no easy matter for a fellow to establish himself as an out and out Lothario in Cincinnati. The Ohio girls don't understand the game and won't have it.

LANGTRY'S LAST MASH.

Who Gebhard Is and How He Cut Out the Prince.

[With Portrait.]

The scandal about Langtry and Gebhard, the young noodle of Pimples' band, was greater the last week of the Lily's stay in Boston than the first. Stetson kept an eye on him during the whole time he was prowling around the place and during the last two weeks, after he had been fired out of the back door, took good care that he did not dead head himself into the house. He had to pay fifty cents each night to go in front to see the daisy act.

John, who wasn't awed by the beauty, says: "I ventured to give Mrs. Langtry a little advice about her conduct but it was not well received. She is headstrong. In fact, I believe she is cracked."

But he managed, he says, to obtain from her the fact that it is the sister of Mrs. Langtry who is coming over to take care of her in place of Mrs. Labouchere. As if Freddie Boils couldn't take care of her all alone. Gebhard is known in New York as a first class "spoon." His bill for flowers for Mrs. Langtry in New York alone was \$650. He can put up, though, for he inherits a property that brings him in \$40,000 a year and Langtry is really the first youthful indiscretion on which he has thrown himself away.

In fact, he has been famed for his economy among the would-be bloods of his set. His home is at 100 Fifth avenue, where his brother-in-law and his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Neilson, also reside. Freddie was betrothed last winter to the daughter of Leonard W. Jerome but the match was broken off in the spring. Freddie is dark haired, has a black mustache and eyebrows and his features are regular but his countenance is putty-like and stolidly insensible to the play of lively emotion.

On Dec. 15 the Langtry-Gebhard combination moved to Philadelphia and there the circus continued with a renewed eclat of scandal for a week. Freddie is going to transport his carriages over the country for the use of Mrs. Langtry the whole winter and he will go along too, to take her out sleighing and to stand off all the dangerous young noodles and bloods of the west who may cast a covetous eye on her.

MR. DEUEL DOES THE TOWN.

[With Portrait.]

About a year ago a plausible young man, Edward R. Deuel, whose portrait we give in this issue, arrived in Fremont Centre, Mich. He was not only a plausible but a nice, a virtuous, an oily, a real good young man. He was poor and the best citizens, thinking it a shame that so nice a chap and one withal so good and so pious, took him into their confidence and employ and he at once proceeded to "get into" them. A month ago, when he had played the moral racket for all it was worth, he got \$900 from various parties, borrowed several watches from personal friends and jumped the town, leaving the whole town swindled and mourning his loss.

The masonic lodge, of which he was a member was also taken in very badly by him and other masonic lodges in the United States and Canada are warned against the nice young man.

THE PRIZE RING.

An Interesting Review of Some Great Events of the Arena.

The Battling Mill Between Jem Mace and Tom Allen at New Orleans, Given in Detail.

Tom Allen's next battle was with the celebrated Jem Mace. Allen held the title of champion pugilist when Mace came to America, and although the latter did not intend to fight, John C. Heenan urged him to do so. Mace accordingly made overtures to Allen and the pugilists signed articles to fight for \$5,000 and the championship of America, agreeing to mill within 100 miles of New Orleans, La., on May 10, 1870. The fact that Allen and Mace were to meet created a furore in sporting circles. Allen had improved since he came from England and many supposed that he would whip Mace. Before giving our readers a full report of the great battle we will publish a sketch of Mace's battles, and as the great pugilist is coming to America, having been sent for by Richard K. Fox, it will be found interesting.

Jem Mace was born in 1831, at Swaffham, near Norwich, England. He stands nearly 5 feet 9 inches in height, and his usual fighting weight is about 150 pounds. His first battle was with Slack, of Norwich, for £10, and he came off victorious after fighting nine rounds, which only occupied 19 minutes. Mace then fought Bill Thorpe for £25 a side. The mill took place on the Medway, and Jem won with the greatest ease in 27 minutes after fighting 18 rounds. An engagement was then made by his friends for an encounter with Mike Madden for £50 a side, which money was most foolishly forfeited by Mace, who refused to fight under the referee named by the stakeholder. Another match was made shortly after with Madden for £25, but this also resulted in nothing, and Mace's reputation was somewhat tarnished at that time by his refusal to come to the scratch.

On September 21, 1858, he fought Bob Brettie, of Birmingham, for £100 a side. That affair was a great mistake in Mace's life, he being knocked out of time in 3 minutes 2 seconds. The next event was with Posh Price, of Birmingham, for £50 a side, which Mace won after fighting 11 rounds in 17 minutes. Mace now flew at higher game, and was matched with the talented Bob Travers, when he scored another victory and laid the stakes, £100 a side.

Jem had now established himself in a rising position, and found friends to post £200 for another match with his late conqueror, Bob Brettie. They met, and Mace won easily in 11 rounds. A match was then made for Mace to fight Sam Hurst, the gigantic holder of the champion belt, for £200 a side and the trophy. This affair came off on the 13th of June, 1861. Hurst stood 6 feet 2 1/2 inches high, and weighed 165 pounds. Mace won after fighting 8 rounds in 40 minutes. Mace was now unable to get on a match for the championship until Tom King, who had defeated Tommy Trinckle and Young Broome, stepped into the field and made a match, which came off January 28, 1862. Mace, although not in form, won in 43 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 5 minutes.

King was not satisfied, and made a match to fight for £40. The mill took place at Thames Haven on Nov. 26, 1862. More than average good fighting was shown for 16 rounds, when Mace took a decided lead. On the 18th round King landed a terrific cross-counter on Mace's right cheek, bringing him down on his face quite helpless. After two more rounds the sponge was thrown up, and Tom King was champion of England, the fight having occupied 38 minutes. When Mace recovered he challenged King to fight again, but the latter refused to accept. Mace's next appearance was in September, 1863, when he defeated the celebrated Joe Goss in 19 rounds, occupying 1 hour and 55 1/2 minutes.

The next we find to his name was the miserable affair with Coburn for \$500 a side, which was to have taken place in Ireland, Oct. 4, 1864, but no referee being appointed, the money was drawn. After this Mace was matched with Joe Wormald, which resulted in a forfeit of £120 to Mace, Wormald having injured his right arm.

The next meeting was between Mace and Joe Goss for \$200 a side and the belt, when they performed for 65 minutes, 1 round, and then shook hands. Joe Goss not being satisfied, however, made another match for £200 a side, when after a brilliant battle, Mace won in 31 minutes, 21 rounds, on August 6, 1865. The next candidate for the championship was the celebrated Ned O'Baldwin, and after considerable of a wordy war, Mace signed articles to meet the redoubtable Ned and fight for £200 and the belt, October 15, 1867. The authorities interfered and Mace was arrested the night before in bed.

Mace's next battle was with Allen. It was fought at Kennerly on May 10, 1870. Heenan announced everything in readiness, and proposed Rufus Hunt for referee, who was accepted at once. Heenan was selected as umpire for Mace, and Dad Ryan for Allen. Al. Smith was appointed to the duties of "captain of the watch." Constables were then selected and armed with sticks, whose office proved a mere sinecure, and they soon melted away in the crowd of spectators. Mr. Hunt now made a short speech to the crowd, stating that New Orleans had been selected for the scene of the contest as the only place where a fair show for both sides could be had. It was to be a fair, stand-up fight and no favor shown, and such a fight he was determined to have, he having sufficient force to back up this determination if attempted to be interfered with. He hoped the crowd present would show the champions that their confidence had not been misplaced, and join him in wishing "that the best man win." When Mr. Hunt finished, he was loudly applauded.

The men were sent for, and at half-past eight o'clock Allen's bronzed face loomed above the crowd, as he flung his defiance into the lists. Mace's cap followed a few minutes later, and both men stepped in and were conducted to the two shady corners. Joe Coburn and Sherman Thuston acted as esquires to Allen, Cusick and Jerry Donovan doing the same for Mace. Heenan winning the toss, sent Ryan's man to the sunny corner, and the champions commenced stripping for battle. An objection to Allen's spikes was quickly fled away, and without any further trouble or dispute the men sat ready for the contest, surrounded by

quiet, orderly and gentlemanly spectators. Mace now went over to Allen with a \$500 note which he offered to wager on the result. It was declined, however, and they each eyed each other keenly. The following is the *POLICE GAZETTE* report of the rounds:

ROUND 1. As they stood there on guard, erect and defiant, their dresses unsoiled, their flesh glowing in the warm sunlight like polished bronze, as yet unpolluted and undefiled, an almost unconscious murmur of admiration ran through the anxiously waiting crowd. At the first glance it was evident that Mace had the advantage in condition, his flesh appearing hard and healthy, while that of his antagonist seemed a little too loose and flabby. Bets were now freely offered around the ring of a hundred to seventy on Mace, but no reply was elicited. Nevertheless Allen looked smiling and confident, and gave assurance of a determination to do all in his power to carry off the coveted honors. A look at the grinning out good-humored frontispiece of Jem revealed nothing touching a sense of fear for the result. Jem and Tom both smiled beamingly on each other, and then put themselves in position at the scratch. Mace's "walking beams" were in a constant state of terpsichorean movement, while his two formidable looking manly legs were most carelessly disposed. He fondled his chin, stroked his phiz, patted his "bellows" and conducted himself generally in such a mercurial sort of manner that to the unsophisticated observer gave no proof of the aim at miraculous powers of the man. But his cunning was soon developed. Allen, as he stood like another Anak before his adversary, wary and watchful, looked the splendid athlete that he is. His feet were spread wide apart and his bunches of fives held artistically. They smiled and joked in an undertone as they walked around one another, with eyes firmly set on eyes and every movement sharply watched. The sparring, dodging and feinting lasted several minutes, each too cautious to do more than feel his man, Mace now and then dropping his guard and drawing Tom around after him. Then came a few sharp passes, neatly stopped. Jem landed a pile-driver over Tom's left eye and danced back, avoiding the return. Again the scratch was toed, with another spell of cautious sparring, during which Allen shot a heavy one into the ribs, which sounded all over the ring. Both men warmed to more rapid and serious work, exhibiting pretty science during a bout which wound up with Allen receiving a heavy hit on the nose and countering lightly on Mace's forehead. At it they rushed again. Jem making an ugly threat with his right, which Tom avoided, planting another ugly thud on his opponent's blood pumps, at which Mace clinched—a quick tussle and both fell, with Allen the under dog in the fight. Time, 6:30.

2. Several minutes passed in sparring for an opening. Mace rubbing his hands, folding his arms and otherwise endeavoring to get Tom to lead off, followed by a few rapid feints, when, as quick as thought, Mace rushed in and delivered a pounce under the young 'un's right orb raising an egg, and springing back in time to catch only lightly a rib pulverizer from his opponent's right. Jem grinned at his work, and now fully understood Tom's tactics. With hands down, but ever ready, he walked around him, inviting an offer, but prepared to take advantage of any essay. Allen grew restless; he seemed, for the first time, to properly appreciate his task and compressed his lips in a manner to show that he was determined to throw all his energies into the struggle and "die game," if necessary; he planted another crusher on the body, in return for a nasty one on the bad lamp, which now flickered, preparatory to being doused. Another long interval of cautious sparring ensued, during which both men blowed off steam, and contented themselves with watching for an opening; grinning at and joking with each other in undertones. Mace resumed hostilities with a shot at Allen's neck, but it glanced off, and he napped a return rather too close to the meat collar to be pleasant. Claims of foul were made from the outside of the ring, but Mace gracefully disclaimed them and went in for the flush, giving Allen a smash on the proboscis, which drew first blood for Mace. Tom returned it by a couple of rib benders and a clip on the jaw, but in return received a terrible sockdolager on the right eye, which sent him down, making a wild attempt to counter as he fell. Allen was now toted home by his carriers, Mace walking to his corner looking much pleased.

3. Bets were offered, without takers, of \$100 to \$300 on Mace. Allen came up dejectedly, with his right eye nearly closed, his left also showing an ugly cut. This Mace took advantage of by keeping the damaged observation well in the sun during the cautious, lacy sparring which opened the round. Allen now found that something had to be done to utilize the time fast slipping away, and essayed at the head, but Mace proved too quick, dodged, and it passed over his shoulder. In the rally Mace slipped and stretched himself on terra firma. Allen again rode homeward; Mace footing it in the best of humor.

4. Allen looked worried and his face exhibited marks of severe punishment, bleeding profusely from a cut below the left optic, while his right look-out was rapidly being shut in by purple clouds. During the preliminary sparring Tom accidentally trod upon and spiked Jem's foot, but apologized, a courtesy which was loudly applauded. After rather an elaborate overture of feinting, guarding and dodging, Mace suddenly darted out his right and gave Allen a roaster on the damaged eye, distilling the ruby afresh and going down, partly from the recoil, just in time to escape a well intended receipt in full.

5. After the usual introductory fiddling about, Mace let out with his left at the young 'un's neck, which the latter avoided, Mace going down from the force of his own blow. (Cries of "foul," not allowed). He quickly recovered, however, and faced Tom, who sent his left on a voyage of discovery, landing on Jem's ribs, and napping a heavy counter on the dial from Mace's left, who followed it up with a rush, clinched and threw Allen very heavily adding his weight to the fall. The seconds now rushed up and carried their men home amid intense excitement and enthusiasm.

6. The fight was now evidently all one way. Allen was game enough and glutton enough, but his inferiority to Mace in sparring and wrestling was plainly, not to say pitifully, apparent. \$100 to \$15 freely offered on Jem, without takers. Allen seemed freshening, while Mace was as smiling as a basket of chips. A few friendly passes preceded a clinch by the latter getting the young 'un in chancery, and fibbing sharply with his right. Jem hung on like death, but with one gigantic, almost superhuman effort, considering his great disadvantage, Allen turned the tide and went down heavily on the top of Mace, amid great applause, in which even Mace's friends joined.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

POSTMASTERS, TAKE NOTICE.

Postmasters or others residing in the State of Texas and elsewhere throughout the United States, will find it financially to their interest to raise clubs in their respective localities for the *POLICE GAZETTE*. A liberal discount will be paid to all postmasters for each subscription forwarded to us. And for each club of ten, a free copy in addition to the commission will be sent. Sample copies for distribution sent on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
183 William St., New York.

- S. M., Denver, Colo.—No.
J. S., Trenton, N. J.—No.
C. R., Philadelphia.—Yes.
P. J., Trenton, N. J.—No.
P. O'N., Beadville, Mass.—No.
M. W., Olean, N. Y.—9 1/4 seconds.
W. S., St. Paul, Minn.—Maud S.
W. J., Rockford, Ill.—There is no such work.
M. J. D., Gunnison.—No, it does not and B wins.
POLICE GAZETTE READER, Clayton, Ohio.—Yes.
D. S., Lockport, N. Y.—Send for the "Life of John Morrissey."
M. W., Taunton, Mass.—Paddy Ryan never fought Joe Coburn.
SHOEMAKER, Marlboro, Mass.—1. No. 2. You would have to run.
H. T., Sharpsburg, Pa.—Send \$9 and we will furnish you with a set.
STUDENT, Baltimore.—Send to the American News Co., New York.
MAN AXE, Jersey City.—Send us a picture with larger features.
H. L. B., Louisville, Ky.—Horatio Seymour or Ex-Secretary Seward.
F. L., Marshallfield, Mich.—Send on \$1 and we will mail you the book.
M. W., St. Paul, Minn.—Jem Mace will be the best judge of that himself.
H. M., Boston, Mass.—1. Pilot and Crib fought at weight 2 2/4 pounds. 2. No.
C. J. M., New York City.—1. Casino is correct. 2. He could not build off the table.
S. H., St. Paul, Minn.—John Morrissey's colors were silk, blue ground with white dot.
SUBSCRIBER.—Acton and Whistler never wrestled as opponents prior to December 18.
H. S., Baltimore, Md.—Billy Jordan's address is 44 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
A. W., Escanaba.—James Elliott and Tom Allen never fought as opponents in the ring.
C. A. H., San Francisco, Cal.—Cannot insert notice only as a paid advertisement at \$1 per line.
J. G. R., Denver, Col.—A champion pugilist must fight all comers if he desires to hold that title.
S. W., Chicago.—John Schappart, the base ball players' address, is 172 Stagg street, Brooklyn.
H. W., Lockport, N. Y.—1. Joe Goss keeps a sporting house in Lagrange street, Boston, Mass. 2. No.
C. L. F., New Orleans, La.—It was when Richard K. Fox matched Tug Wilson to fight James Elliott.
W. W.—No, he would be seized and punished as soon as he reached English jurisdiction, citizen or no citizen.
M. S., Pueblo, Colo.—Richard K. Fox was not born in England, he was born in Belfast, Ireland, and B wins.
H. S., Leavenworth, Kan.—1. There is no champion 100-yard runner. 2. Kittleman, of Harper, Kan., is the fastest.
H. T., Burkhardt, Ill.—Base ball pitchers all have different styles of pitching so that it is impossible to decide.
F. L. K., Baltimore, Md.—Send for the "American Athlete." It will give you all the information you require.
J. J. W., Pekin, Ill.—E. P. Weston nor any other man ever walked 100 miles in ten hours. You are a little mixed up.
K. C. B., Baltimore, Md.—Frank Frayne's wife died a natural death. 2. Frayne never met with such an accident before.
R. C., Kansas City, Mo.—1. Tom Sayers stood 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in height. 2. John C. Heenan stood 6 feet 2 inches in height.
D. J. R.—John L. Sullivan, the champion, was born Oct. 15, 1858. 2. John C. Heenan was not killed, he died a natural death.
J. S. W., Selma, Ala.—1. Buckden, the stallion, died on Nov. 22. 2. He broke down in 1874. 3. No. 4. Captain Cottrill owned him.
J. W., Virginia City.—1. The new *POLICE GAZETTE* building is erected and stands on the corner of Dover and Pearl streets. 2. No.
D. M., New York.—Send post office money order to Richard K. Fox, or postage stamps equivalent to the amount the books will cost.
J. W., Cincinnati, O.—The old Academy of Music in New York was capable of seating 2,833 persons, and crowded, it would hold 4,063.
H. W., Toledo, Ohio.—John Woods, the *POLICE GAZETTE* photographer, 208 Bowery, N. Y., can supply you with all sporting pictures.
S. C. B., Nemaha City, Neb.—1. A greyhound is the fastest. 2. Three pound dumb-bells are the most used. 3. George Rooke holds that title.
M. S., Holyoke, Mass.—Ned Searles, of Sing Sing, N. Y., best record for jumping one single standing jump, is 13 feet 5 1/2 inches. 2. No.
D. S., Olean, N. Y.—Bob Way's record for jumping one single standing jump, was the best prior to Ned Searles eclipsing Ways' 12 feet 8 1/4 in.
J. W., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Yankee Sullivan defeated Hammer Lane Feb. 2, 1841, in 19 rounds, lasting 54 minutes. 2. The stakes were \$50 a side.
CONSTANT READER, Meriden, Conn.—1. Send on \$2 and we will furnish you a book. 2. John Mulholland will supply you; a letter addressed to this office will reach him.
D. W., Scranton, Pa.—1. The *POLICE GAZETTE* goes all over the world. Its circulation is over 175,000. 2.

No. 3. Richard K. Fox has decided not to match Allen against anyone.

H. S., Fisherville, N. H.—Michael Donahue has money posted with the *POLICE GAZETTE* to wrestle any man in America collar-and-elbow, for the light-weight championship.

C. M. L., Savannah, Ga.—1. No pedestrian has ever walked 600 miles in 6 days. 2. George Hazael has covered 600 miles 230 yards in six days, but it was not walking—go-as-you-please style of progression.

S. M., Brownsville, Texas.—1. John Flood, the pugilist that fought John L. Sullivan, never engaged in a prize fight before he met Sullivan. 2. He resides in this city. 3. Billy Madden is in England. 4. No.

M. S. W., Toledo, Ohio.—1. Heenan only appeared three times in the ring—with Morrissey, Sayers and King. 2. He never won any stakes in a prize fight. Send for his life and battles, published by Richard K. Fox.

J. W., Baltimore, Md.—Jem Mace did leave this country after his first visit. Mace left for England on September 19, 1872, accompanied by his family, his cousin Pooley, Barney Aaron, Billy Edwards, and Billy Tracey, of New York.

W. G., San Jose, Cal.—1. The three fastest mile runners in the world are Cummings, the Scotchman, Myers, the American and George, the English amateur champion. 2. Cummings' time for one mile, 4:16 1/5, has never been beaten. 3. No.

J. W. S., Lowell, Mass.—1. A wins. The stakes in the prize fight between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers were returned by the stakeholder, or otherwise drawn. 2. Two points to touch the ground constitute a fall in catch-as-catch-can wrestling.

T. W., Detroit, Mich.—1. Joe Coburn and Ed Price fought according to the rules of the London prize ring, at Spy Pond, near Boston, Mass., May 1, 1856, for \$900. The battle ended in a draw. 2. One hundred and sixty rounds were fought in 3 hours and 20 minutes.

X. X. X., Frisco, Cal.—1. The London Times has nearly one-third more circulation and double the number of printers, the N. Y. Herald having 135 regulars, but the Herald literary force, correspondents and reporters is three times as large as the London Times. 2. It is not yet known. 3. He never held that title.

P. M. Y., Toledo, O.—1. Harry Jennings, Broome street, New York City. 2. Write to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, New York City. 3. Phillip Costa Walker was the name of the pugilist killed in the prize ring in 1870 by James Weeden. 4. John L. Sullivan was never defeated in the prize ring. 5. Tug Wilson and Sullivan's glove contest was not a prize fight.

S. W., Cairo, Ill.—1. No. 2. Joe Wormald. 3. In 1872 Mace was matched to fight Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish giant, for \$2,000 and the championship of the world. The battle was to have been fought in Virginia on July 15, but the authorities prevented the departure of the boats which had been chartered for the excursion. The stakeholder, Alderman McMullin, of Philadelphia, ordered another meeting, which took place at Collier's Station, on the line of the Panhandle railroad, in West Virginia, but they could not agree on a referee. The stakes were subsequently drawn, and the match ended in a fiasco.

H. E. W., Le Rae, N. Y.—On Nov. 7, 1860, Coburn and Mace were matched to fight for \$2,000 a side, and the championship of the world. The pugilists met in the ring near Port Ryeon, Canada, May 11, 1870. After standing in the ring 1 1/2 hours without a single blow the military appeared and the fight was stopped. Dick Hollywood, the referee at the Reed House, Erie, Pa., May 12, 1870, decided that Coburn and Mace should meet at Kansas City on June 2, 1870, and fight. Mace went to the place appointed but Coburn did not, and Hollywood declared Mace entitled to the stakes. Harry Hill, the stakeholder, refused to give them up and returned the backers of both pugilists their money. Another match was arranged for \$5,000 and Mace and Coburn fought at Bay St. Louis, near New Orleans, Nov. 30, 1870. The battle was fought in a cold rain storm. Mace got first blood in the fourth round. Mace injured his hand in the ninth round and also took the chills and would only go to the scratch when the referee would order him to do so. After twelve rounds had been fought in 3 1/2 hours, the fight was declared a draw. This was Coburn's last fight.

M. W., Salamanca.—James Stewart, the Scotch giant, was born at Paisley in 1844, height 5 feet 7 1/2 inches, weight 166 pounds. When in London, engaged as a butcher, Stewart had several tough bouts in the "East," but his match for money came off at Mace's Rooms, Shoreditch. His opponent was known as "Jack Brookes' Novice," and they fought with ordinary gloves for a purse. Stewart won after a determined fight, lasting about an hour and a half. The "Novice" was a big 'un, and, like Stewart, a butcher. After this Stewart was matched against Jim Dove to spar with the knuckles for \$100. They fought on two different days—on the first day at Plumstead Marshes and on the second at Long Reach—the match ending in a draw. George Crockett and Nat Lawley seconded Stewart in this fight, and although two to one was laid on Dove at the outset, Stewart had, if anything, the better of it. In the first ring they fought about 51 minutes, in the second an hour and five minutes, the police finally stopping the proceedings. Subsequently Stewart was matched against Tom Taylor, of London, for \$250, but on the night prior to the day fixed for the battle there was a disagreement as to the choice of referee and the stakes were drawn. After this, having challenged all comers across the border without finding an opponent, Jem was styled "champion of Scotland," and this led to a match between him and Joe McDonald for \$250. This came off near Condonat on June 7, 70. The fight was a most determined one, for, although Stewart had his right arm dislocated in the third round by a fall, he stood up for fifty-one more rounds (in all sixty-two) lasting nearly two hours, and the battle was described as the best contested fight that ever took place in Scotland. This was Stewart's last shy with the knuckles. For sometime afterwards Stewart was on the shelf, but last spring he was matched to box Tom Allen with ordinary gloves, for \$500, and the affair came off at St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, April 22, ending in a draw, after sparring twenty-four rounds, and it was evident neither did their level best, but, as in the match under notice, Stewart showed a partiality for remaining in his corner. Stewart's last match was with Tompkins Gilbert, of Lincoln, at the Springfield Recreation Grounds, Glasgow, for \$250, in which the Scotchman scored the victory, after boxing fifty minutes. His next match was Alf Greenfield, with gloves, for \$1,000. Greenfield broke his right arm in the third round and eventually won on a foul in 20 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 20 minutes.

Rose Cheri's Last Mash.

On the evening of December 15, while the Kralffy Bros.' "Around the World," company was playing at the Grand Opera House in Cincinnati, Manager Heuck, who claimed that the company had violated a contract with him, took legal action for damages, and a deputy sheriff appeared at the theatre to see that the costumes were not spirited away. The officer went into the dressing-room of Rose Cheri, the leading lady and refused to leave when she had a quick change to make, preferring to remain and witness the mysterious processes of an actress' toilet. Then Rose went for him with a chair, and was fast knocking him out when he reached back in his clothes and drew his pistol. The actress didn't scare for a cent though, and if



JOHAN MOST,
THE FAMOUS SOCIALIST, LATELY ARRIVED IN
NEW YORK FROM EUROPE.

ingeniously utilized in his address. Said he: The vehicular elopement which has just taken place, young ladies, has furnished us with a timely topic of discourse. Young ladies' seminaries are ever exposed to runaways. Once, when traveling with my show, I came upon a female institute. There were ladders, and lads, too, as to that, at every window. Many perpendiculars carrying fainting horizontals to the ground. "Fire!" I shouted. "None of that," replied a solemn voice from the orchard. "There ain't no fire; these are only young fellows running off with their sweethearts." There is moral entertainment for man and beast in this runaway. No horse, if attached to a wagon, that is, if sincerely attached to it, will run away with it; but the more a young man is attached to a young woman,



GEORGE O. RICE,
THE TONY RAILROAD PRESIDENT, ARRESTED IN
NEW YORK ON A CHARGE OF EMBEZZLEMENT.

the more he will run away with her, leaving no trace, in fact, none of the harness behind. Young ladies, since I have stood before your beautiful faces I have lost something, and if you or the boy that sweeps out should find a red object looking like a coral breastpin that has been stepped on, you may know it is my poor, busted heart.

Capture of an Adroit Thief.

A well-dressed man entered the store of Mrs. Sondheim, No. 88½ Bleecker street, a few days ago, and bought a bill of dry goods amounting to \$19. He told her to send the articles to the corner of Houston and Mercer streets and he would pay for them. Mrs. Sondheim's son took the bundle to the man, who told the boy to take it to Wernberg & Co.'s store in Broadway. The



FRED. GEBHARD,

THE NEW YORK "BLOOD" WHO BORE OFF THE BRITISH LILY.



MRS. LANGTRY,

THE FAMED BEAUTY WHO FOUND HER FATE IN FREDDIE.

the stage hands hadn't interposed would have continued the fight. He didn't need much persuasion to keep out of her room after that. Rose is no chump and it would be well for the deputy sheriffs of this country to inform themselves of this fact before intruding on her privacy in an official or any other capacity.

A Tony Prisoner.

We give in this issue a portrait of George C. Rice, the dignified Englishman, who was arrested in New York on Saturday, December 16, to the great surprise of his high-toned friends. There was a charge of forgery and embezzlement preferred against him by Henry S. King, of the firm of King & Co., of London.

He was captured late at night at Delmonico's, taken to police headquarters and then lodged in the Tombs, where he was held in default of \$25,000 bail. The charge is that he hypothecated 10,000 shares of the original stock of the Utica, Ithaca and Elmira Railroad Company, at the Third National Bank of New York, which should have been cancelled on the issue of new certificates. Rice claims that he can come out of the whole business with clean hands, and that he acted on a power of attorney in hypothecating the shares. The case has made a great sensation in high circles, for Rice mingled in business and socially with the most exclusive sets of New York.

The Prince of Humorists.

Artemus Ward, after delivering a lecture once in New London, Conn., was asked by the principal of a young ladies high school in the place to pay a visit to her institution the next day. He went like "an amoooin cuss," and made the girls a speech. While walking to the academy a street runaway occurred. A terrified horse went tearing over the pavement, with what Artemus called "the fore-quarters" of a wagon clattering at his heels. This incident Artemus



AN ACTRESS MAKES A MASH.

ROSE CHERI GOES FOR AN INTRUDING DEPUTY SHERIFF WITH A CHAIR AND DRIVES HIM
FROM HER DRESSING-ROOM IN A CINCINNATI THEATRE.

boy reached the store just as the man was leaving it, and was then instructed to take the package to the Excise Board building, where, the man said, his brother was waiting for him. Taking the bundle from the boy, the man said he would step into the building and see his brother and would be out in a minute. The boy has been looking for the man and the bundle ever since. Mrs. Sondheim reported the case to Inspector Byrnes, and identified picture No. 971 in the Rogue's Gallery as that of the thief. He is known to the police as a man who has often stolen bundles from boys in similar ways. A few years ago he took a package of goods from a boy employed by Simpson, Crawford & Simpson. He first became known about six years ago, when he went to Mrs. Monyea's house, in Varick street, and inquired for her sick son.

While talking he admired a diamond which she wore, and while examining it, told her that her sick son was coming down stairs. The woman looked behind and the man fled. He has been detected collecting bills for coal which he saw dumped in front of houses. Detective Haley saw the man in Greenwich avenue on Dec. 21, and went to arrest him. The thief ran to Perry street, thence to Waverly place, to Charles street, back to Greenwich avenue and to West Eleventh street, where he jumped on a car and rode to Fourth street. He then ran into the cellar of a butcher shop and hid behind some boxes. The detective sprained his ankle in the chase, but finally caught up with the thief and after a strong resistance captured him.

The prisoner gave his name as William Bennett, age twenty-eight, of No. 124 South Fourth street, Brooklyn. Three persons have already been found who will make charges against the prisoner for stealing bundles. Inspector Byrnes thinks that a great many more persons, who are not known, have been swindled in the same way.



A HAREM IN NEW YORK.

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS OF A DANDY POLYGAMIST'S LIFE, MADE BY HIS LAST TWO BRIDES.

The Pedagogue's Tragedy.

A fresh horror is reported from Ohio. On Monday, Dec. 11, at a little before noonday, a schoolmaster killed two of his pupils in a country schoolhouse in Guernsey county, Ohio, about a mile from Cumberland in that state. The community of the little hamlet consists of well-to-do tradesmen and rich farmers. The actors in the terrible drama belonged to the best families. The teacher is William C. Frazier, aged 21, whose widowed mother owns one of the richest farms near Concord, where she resides. His father was an officer in the northern army and was killed in one of the battles near Nashville, Tenn. He is also a nephew of Judge

them whether they should study it or not. Frazier then called them both out, with the intention of reprimanding them. Suddenly both fell upon the teacher and proceeded to beat him, the first blows from fists and slates breaking his nose and his jaw and splitting his lips. He undertook to fight back, but they knocked him over a desk backward and rained blows on his

head and face. In his distress the battered pedagogue managed to draw a bowie knife which he had concealed on his person, and used it with terrible effect on his two assailants. The school was of course in an uproar at once and the pupils fled in a wild panic.

Luce was cut first. His wounds were frightful, yet he lived from 11 o'clock that Monday morning until 1 o'clock the following Wednesday morning. His wounds were three in number, one of them in the right arm immediately below the deltoid muscle, the second penetrating the sixth dorsal vertebra, and the third and fatal one in the chest between the fourth and fifth ribs on the left side, penetrating the lungs anterior to the scapula. This was a hor-



JULIUS FISCHER,

DEFAULTING WHARF AGENT AT LEOTA, MISS.;
WANTED BY THE AUTHORITIES.

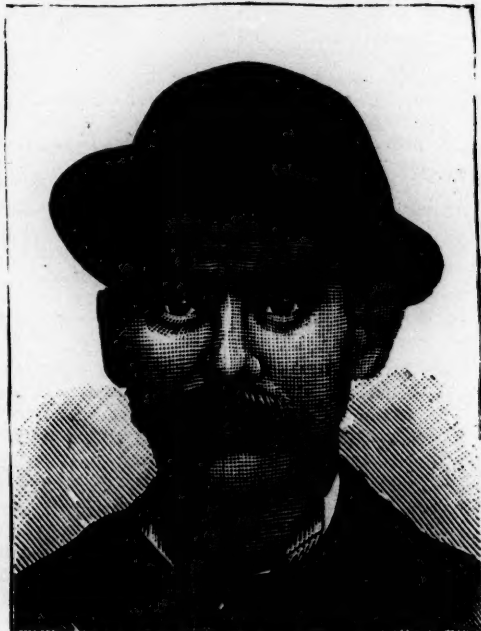
W. H. Frazier, now occupying the common pleas bench in Cambridge.

The victims of the young schoolmaster's deadly knife were John Hays and Charley Luce, farmers' sons, aged 18 and 16 respectively, but tall and muscular for their years—either of them outweighing the pedagogue and possessing more muscular power than he. Both were mischievous, rough and tough and up to all sorts of rude larks. The young teacher had no easy time in training them. On Dec. 11 Frazier announced that he would begin instructing the school in grammar. This was distasteful to the two boys and they refused to begin, saying their fathers had declared it was optional with



A PEDAGOGUE'S TRAGEDY.

A YOUNG TEACHER IN A COUNTRY SCHOOL NEAR CUMBERLAND, O., ATTACKED BY TWO PUPILS, SLAUGHTERS BOTH WITH A BOWIE KNIFE.



E. P. DEUK,

THE NICE YOUNG MAN WHO SWINDLED ALL
FREMONT CENTER, MICH.

rible gash, six inches in length, the point of the weapon coming out under the arm, through which air was emitted from the lungs. Hays received two cuts but either of them was sufficient to cause death. The first penetrated the chest between the fifth and sixth ribs, cutting clean through both lobes of the heart; the second cut into the stomach.

Some of the scholars then interfered and separated the combatants. Luce with three ghastly gashes in him did not forget Hays. He asked the teacher and a young lady scholar to try and get the dying boy home, but he died in a few minutes. Frazier gave himself up and was afterward released on \$5,000 bail.

SPORTING NEWS.

IMPORTANT TO READERS.

Be sure to ask your News Dealer for the
POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

There is only one POLICE GAZETTE, and it is published by RICHARD K. FOX, at the new POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House, Franklin Square and Dover street. Our immense and steadily increasing success

HAS INSPIRED IMITATION

on the part of numerous feeble and unscrupulous publishing houses, and the public will do well to see that they are not imposed on by any of these parasites who hope to live upon our reputation.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

P. LORILLARD'S stable of twenty-two horses won \$52,500 in 1892.

PADDERY RYAN, the ex-champion pugilist, is to take out a company on the road.

HOMER LANE has arrived in Colorado with John McMillen of San Francisco.

FRANK J. HOMAN is to run 200 yards against F. J. McQuigan, on Jan. 1 for \$200.

MR. W. S. CRAWFORD, the English turfman, won 25 races and pocketed \$125,000.

In England, during 1892, F. T. Walton, the plunger, won three races and \$3,996.

MR. J. R. KEENE won only two races on the English turf this year, which were worth \$7,500.

PETER DWYER, the preacher pugilist, arrived from England on December 19, on the Wisconsin.

GEORGE, the English amateur champion runner, is going to follow the medical profession in Europe.

HARVARD has delayed an answer to the challenge of the Yale Navy sent Oct. 13. Yale has requested an answer prior to January 18.

AT Boston, Mass., on Dec. 15, the glove fight between Jimmy Kelly and Frank White was won by Kelly after seven well contested rounds.

AT San Francisco, Cal., on Dec. 16, the great trot for \$1,000 between Overman and Romeo, mile heats, was won by Overman in 2:21, 2:23, 2:24.

EDWARD McLAUGHLIN, the billiardist, of Philadelphia, has offered to play J. Randolph Heiser a game of 400 points at cushion caroms for \$150 a side.

CHARLES A. HARRIMAN is to leave San Francisco, Cal., for Australia. Dan O'Leary and Harriman will then engage in a six-day race and make a small fortune.

AT the Quaker City Owen McCarty and Benjamin Jones, of that city, have signed articles of agreement to wrestle Lancashire fashion for \$20 a side on Jan. 22, 1893.

DENNIS DONOVAN, the pedestrian, who at Providence, R. I., two years ago, ran 50 miles in 6h. 18min., died, aged 24 years, of erysipelas of the brain, at Boston, Mass., on December 19.

OLIVER RILEY and Jack Palmer, who recently fought Dennis June, fought in Patsy Hogan's gymnasium on Dec. 9, for a purse. Palmer won after a desperate battle, which lasted forty-five minutes.

THE annual meeting of the Boston base ball club was held in Boston on Dec. 20. The treasurer's report shows that the receipts for the season's play exceeded those for any two previous years combined. The total receipts were \$42,224 and the total expenses \$33,473.

WE have letters for the following: Harry Monroe, Frank Rose, Billy Madden, John L. Sullivan, John H. Clark, Michael Donovan, 2, Albert M. Frey, Samuel H. Miller, Dick Garvin, Gus Hill, Donald Dinnie, R. Toner, Hank Crandle, Tompkins Gilbert, Miss Lizzie Sprague.

THE great canine dispute for \$300 a side, between Jack, a white dog with brindled ears, the hero of eleven hard fought battles, and Uno, a yellow dog with white head, the winner of three previous battles, took place near Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 14th of Dec. Jack forced the fighting from the start and was declared the winner in 27 minutes. Uno was killed in the pit.

THE second annual tournament of the National Game Breeders' Association will be held in New Orleans, beginning Feb. 5, 1893, in the Spanish pit owned by M. Mathis and will continue for a week. There will be several hundred birds present. One of the features of the tournament will be a main between the celebrated Georgia shawl necks and the famous war horses.

THE Columbia College Spectator asked for a teacher in boxing in connection with the instruction given in gymnasium. The students should have a teacher to give them lessons, and Billy Edwards would just fill that position. At Harvard, Princeton and Yale boxing is taught as well as wrestling and fencing, and at Trinity boxing has lately been added to the list of prescribed studies.

AT Springfield, Mass., Dec. 14, there was a series of pedestrian races. The five mile gas-you-please was won by John H. Hart in 31m. John M. Henry won the 5 mile run in 31m. The 10 mile race between John Hou than of Boston, Mass., and Chas. F. Smith of Springfield, Mass., for \$200, gate money and the championship of Massachusetts, was won by Smith in 53m. 55s. Hourihan did not finish his last mile.

THE sporting fraternity of Pittsburg, Pa., had a treat in the shape of a rattling canine encounter on Dec. 11 between a white bull dog named Jack, from Wood's Run and a brindle called Bowser, owned in Allegheny City. The stakes were \$1,000 and both weighed about 31½ lbs. After they had scratched six times it was Bowser's time to commence hostilities but he refused and no whipping or coaxing would persuade him to face his antagonist again, so Jack was declared the winner. Both dogs were badly punished.

A PRIZE fight for \$100 was decided at Knife Falls, Mich., on Dec. 11. The principals were J. McDonald and Frank Anthony. "Emma" Hubert acted as second for McDonald, while M. E. Wetmore officiated for Anthony. James A. Duffy being the referee. Nine rounds were fought, nearly all in favor of Anthony, when McDonald received a heavy blow on the

chin, knocking him off his pins and he was unable to come up to the call of time when the referee threw up the sponge, declaring Anthony the winner.

BILLY McCLUSKEY and Ed. Phillips fought with gloves according to the rules of the London prize ring at Donetti's opera house, Crystal Falls, Mich., on Dec. 9. The stakes were \$100 and the gate money. George Freeman seconded Phillips and Tony Harding seconded McCluskey. The battle was a stubborn and desperate one for ten rounds lasting 22m., when Phillips, who was badly beaten, threw up the sponge. The umpires were D. F. Adams and A. Leopold. Wm. Lackey was referee.

THE following sporting men called at this office during the week: James Pilkington, Frank Stevenson, Pop Whittaker, Charlie Norton, Funny Cooke, Frank Wilson, Harry Monroe, John Hughes, Tommy Ray, George D. Noremac, George Fullames, H. F. Jacoby, Prof. Wm. Clarke, Jim Smith, Jim Patterson, Young Bibby, Bob Farrell, Hiram Howe, Wm. F. McCoy, Albert Pease (better known as Little Al), Joe Coburn, ex-champion pugilist, Ned Mallahan, Frank Hart, Mark Maguire, Sam Merritt, Wm. Warren, of Fisherville, N. H. Soap McAlpine, James Dustin, celebrated driver of trotters, Gus Lambert, Viro Small, Wallace Ross, Billy Edwards, Arthur Chambers, Joe Acton.

JAMES FLEMING, the Scotch athlete, is coming to America. He writes to the POLICE GAZETTE from Dundee, Scotland, as follows: "Seeing it mentioned in your issue of Nov. 25 that D. O. Ross on Nov. 4 at the Polo grounds, New York, made the best distances on record in America at ball putting and hammer throwing, I beg to state his claim of superiority is not correct. Donald Dinnie and myself have made far better records in America than Ross ever did. The feats said to have been accomplished by Ross at the Polo grounds, New York, Nov. 4, would not take third place in America in 1872, which I can prove by undoubted authority." An answer from Ross is in order.

MORGANTOWN, West Va., now boasts of a pugilist who thinks he can whip any heavy-weight pugilist in America. His name is Jim Turner and he has published a challenge in the Morgantown weekly Post, which we append:

Seeing that Tom Allen has challenged any man in the United States to fight for the honors, I will agree to fight Allen Marquis of Queensbury rules for \$7,000 and the championship of the world. The fight to take place on or near the Pennsylvania line. I will meet his backers and arrange on the final stakeholder.

RICHARD K. FOX recently sent Tom Allen on to Chicago, intending to match him to fight James Elliott for \$2,000. Wm. E. Harding, Richard K. Fox's representative, was to have followed Allen so that he would reach Chicago in time to arrange the match on the 19th of December. Allen instead of going on his way rejoicing laid off at Pittsburg and began an attempt to knock out Monongahela and Old Tom and was knocked out himself. Mr. Fox being notified of Allen's behavior would not let his representative go on to Chicago and telegraphed to that city that he would have no more to do with Allen.

MAJOR GEORGE W. DRAKE, a noted sporting man, of Fort Wayne, Ind., died recently. Drake, who we knew well, was one of the champion casino players in this country. In 1890, Drake was taken to Indianapolis, Ind., and matched by John Leggett to play John Ackey, the most skillful card player of the times. Thousands of dollars were wagered on the series of games and Drake won them all. Ackey in a fit of desperation over his losses, charged Leggett with complicity in the matter, and shot and killed him at the bar of Chapin & Gore. Ackey was hung. Drake went south to avoid being subpoenaed, and did not return until after the execution. During the war Drake was on General Custer's staff, and distinguished himself on several occasions for bravery.

THE wrestling match for the POLICE GAZETTE medal for mixed wrestling between Duncan C. Ross of Louisville, Ky., and O. D. Pooler of Cleveland, Ohio, was decided in that city on Dec. 13 at M. J. Ryan's gymnasium. A large crowd assembled to witness the contest. M. J. Ryan was umpire for Ross and T. W. Eck of Chicago acted in that capacity for Pooler. Chas. Reed was referee. Pooler won the toss for choice of holds and selected collar-and-elbow in harness and Pooler won the first. Catch-as-catch-can was the style of wrestling for the second bout. Ross won this fall and the contest became interesting. The third bout was side hold, Ross' favorite style, and it was dollars to cents that he would win, which he did in quick style. Ross threw Pooler in the last bout in less than 40 seconds. The match was bona fide and considerable money changed hands.

UP to the time we went to press we had not received any reply from Bryan Campbell in regard to the challenge of Tom Walling of Coal Creek. It will be remembered that Walling sent on five hundred dollars to the POLICE GAZETTE and issued a challenge offering to fight Bryan Campbell for \$1,000 a side. One would suppose that Campbell would have at once accepted Walling's deft and covered his money, especially after he was returned the victor in the recent battle with Walling. What does Campbell mean by his silence? It cannot be possible that he intends to allow Walling to rule the roost in Colorado. Perhaps Walling's \$500 scares Campbell or else he lacks backers. No matter what turns up Walling is full of fight and he would from the tone of his communication just as lieve fight as eat. Bryan Campbell will have either to fight Walling or back out and sporting men are anxiously waiting for him to sound the tocsin.

AT a tug of war tournament of the Claremont A. C. held at Cooper Hall, Jersey City, on Dec. 11, the Claremont team, formerly the Scottish Americans and champions of Hudson county, were to compete with any light-weight team for a silk banner. Four teams were entered, the first heats being pulled by the Claremonts and the Kimmerlys, the former winning by 22a. In 10 minutes, and the Greenville Turnverein and the Etnas, the latter pulling the former with ease. The final heat between the Claremonts and the Etnas was unusually exciting. The drop was even and at the end of 7m. 20s. the tape was still on the centre never having been more than one inch in favor of either. The hard pulling of the Etnas, which was the lighter team, began to tell on their opponents and a gain of 2in. was quickly followed by one of 2ft. When time was called the Etnas were declared the winners by 3 feet and were carried out on the shoulders of their enthusiastic friends. The names of the contestants are as follows: Etna—A. R. Weber, T. E. Shipley, G. S. Standish, L. B. Chenoweth, captain.

Claremonts—W. Cuffe, captain; C. Boag, G. Philkes, W. Christl.

THE annual games of the Metropolitan rowing club under the management of James Pilkington came off at Madison Square Garden Dec. 20 and was a success. The first event was a Græco-Roman wrestling match between Frank Lane and J. G. O'Brien. Lane won both falls. Frank Sabulka and Tommy Wade, alias "Buffalo," then put on the muffers and boxed. Clarence Whistler and Edwin Bibby favored the audience with a specimen of catch-as-catch-can wrestling. Whistler adopting the same tactics as he did with Joe Acton, lying on all fours, and after struggling for almost an hour Bibby had to give up the idea of turning him on his back. Jim Murray and George Taylor, the colored boxer, gave a good exhibition with the gloves. Funny Cooke and Dan Dougherty followed in a scientific set to. Gus Lambert and Black Sam wrestled collar-and-elbow, Lambert winning the first fall, Black Sam the second. Wallace Ross gave an exhibition on a parlor rowing machine. Tom Cannon, the English wrestler, next appeared on the stage and challenged Wm. Muldoon to wrestle one fall but the solid man did not come to the front. Cannon then wrestled back holds with Wm. Oliver, the former gaining first fall and the latter the second. After some tame boxing by Prof. McClellan and Jerry Leary the audience left the building.

IT is not at all a disguised fact that since the battle between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan, for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, fought at Mississippi City, Miss., on Feb. 7, 1892, which resulted in a victory for John L. Sullivan, that Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, Ryan's backer, has not left a stone unturned to find a pugilist able to cope with Sullivan. Mr. Fox has not spared time or money in trying to find a man to fill the bill. Tug Wilson was brought from England, and although the POLICE GAZETTE folks offered to match him, fortunately for Mr. Fox, no match was arranged. On Wilson's return to England, Mr. Fox sent to George W. Atkinson, of the London Sporting Life, instructing him to make every effort to find a man able, in his opinion, to cope with the great Sullivan. Billy Madden also left for England shortly after on the same errand. Atkinson informed Richard K. Fox that John Knifton and Wm. England were the only two pugilists in England who would stand any chance with Sullivan, and Mr. Fox at once cabled the Sporting Life to send Knifton. Arrangements were made to import Knifton who is 27 years of age, stands 6 feet 2½ inches in height and weighs over 230 lbs. It is owing to his great muscular proportions that he has been styled the 81 tonner. His dimensions have been furnished us as follows: height, 6 feet 2½ inches; weight, 230 lbs.; chest measurement, 47½ in.; biceps, 17½ in.; calf 13½ in.; waist 33½ in.; age 27. Since it has been proven that Knifton is not the pugilist reports made him out to be, and that England is the better man. On Dec. 23 Richard K. Fox received the following cable dispatch from the Sporting Life:

LONDON, December 23, 1892.
To Richard K. Fox, Prop'r of the POLICE GAZETTE:
Knifton no good and not coming to America.
It appears that Billy Madden offered prizes and a trophy, open to the competitors of all heavy-weight boxers, to settle the question of the championship of England, and in the competition Knifton was defeated. Under these circumstances George W. Atkinson cables Mr. Fox that Knifton was no good as a match for Sullivan.

THE long pending glove fight between Joe Martell and Jack Howard for a purse of \$150 offered by Patsy Hogan, of the "Police Gazette/Shades," No. 1 and 2 Morton street, San Francisco, Cal., was decided at Turn Verein Hall, in that city, on Dec. 11. A large crowd assembled to witness the match. Billy Jourdan, the veteran M. C., had charge of the arrangements, which were all satisfactory, as it was Patsy Hogan's desire to have those who paid to witness the mill receive every attention. Joe Martell is a French Canadian, 22 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches in height, and weighs 150 pounds. Jack Howard was born in San Francisco, stands 5 feet 8 inches in height, weighs 140 pounds and is 22 years of age. Tom McCormack and Billy Riley seconded Martell and Jack Haybrick and Owen Judge seconded Howard. The umpires were Peter Delancy for Martell and Tom Allen (not the ex-champion) for Howard. Over thirty minutes were wasted in selecting a referee. Patsy Hogan would have suited, and the crowd were anxious that he would fill that position, but he refused to do so. Calls were then made for Rooney, Dexter, Hallahan, Sweeney and Jordan, but all refused to act. Finally Tom Sweeney (not the New Haven champion) agreed to act. Neither pugilist had fought before, but both had boxed at Patsy Hogan's noted sporting resort. The pugilists fought according to the POLICE GAZETTE rules for boxing which are just the same as the Marquis of Queensbury. Both pugilists were evenly matched, but Howard was in the better condition. The fight was a desperate one. In the first round both men displayed great science, especially Howard. It was hit and hit, and hit again, without regard to defense for fully a minute. This was what the spectators had come to see, and they yelled with delight. Martell fought Howard on to the ropes and got him at a disadvantage, but did not appear to have enough wind left to punish severely. Howard broke away and the round ended in a smart rally. In the second round Martell gave Howard a terrific blow in the stomach that made him stagger, but he came back amid yells of the audience and drew first blood from Martell with an upper cut. At the close of the round both men appeared to be much distressed and hit short. The third round was the most desperate and hottest one of the fight. Without any sparring the men went together and exchanged rapid and effective blows. Martell had the most force in his blows, but struck wildly. Before the round was over some one called time and the seconds rushed into the ring. A scene of confusion resulted but Sweeney finally got things straightened out and the round ended by Howard slipping and falling to the ground. In the fourth round Martell clinched Howard and hugged him against the ropes to avoid punishment. He was ordered to break loose but soon repeated the offense. Howard's legs were very weak and he was so much the worse of the two that victory was assured to Martell had he gone in and finished his man. The fifth round was a desperate one. Howard forced the fighting and pounded Martell with right and left on the nose, making the claret fly in streams. In an instant Martell clinched to avoid a repetition and soon the gloves of both were reeking with blood. He rallied however and gave Martell a blow on the neck that staggered him. He followed it up and using both left and right drove Martell all over the ring and against one of the stakes, which was broken loose by the blow.

The sixth round virtually settled the fight. Martell ducked to avoid punishment and got an upper cut for his pains that made his teeth fairly rattle. Howard followed up the advantage with a right hand lunge at Martell's stomach, which knocked him clear off his feet and nearly through the ropes. In the seventh and last round Howard commenced by knocking Martell down and as soon as he got up repeated the dose. Martell was plainly whipped and staggered as he got up. Howard rushed at him and Martell dropped or slipped down, receiving a blow on the nose as he fell. McCormack and Riley jumped into the ring and claimed a foul. They picked Martell up and carried him to a seat. The referee ordered him to go on and fight. All the seconds then got into the ring and it looked as if a free fight would ensue. Every man was bawling his loudest and both sides claimed the fight. "Go on and fight," said the referee but Howard alone responded: Martell sat still in his corner. The referee then went to the front of the stage and announced that Howard had won the fight, which lasted just 28 minutes. Even if Howard had struck foul Martell's seconds had no right to enter the ring and pick up their man. In addition, his refusal to fight when ordered up by the referee gave the fight to Howard under any circumstances.

SPORTING circles for some time past have been looking forward with eager interest to the struggle in the wrestling arena between Joe Acton, the champion of England, at catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling, and Clarence Whistler, the American champion at Græco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can, or what is known as Lancashire style. Ever since Acton defeated Edwin Bibby, Whistler was looked upon as the only athlete able to defeat the little demon, as Acton was dubbed in England. Acton had been authorized by his right bower, Arthur Chambers, of the "Champions' East," in Philadelphia, to challenge any man in the world, and accordingly issued a challenge through the POLICE GAZETTE, backed up with \$100, offering to wrestle any man breathing at catch weights, for \$1,000 a side. Whistler was at this time residing in "Uncle Sam's" Kansas, and had just defeated Tom Cannon, a noted English wrestler; so the sporting men in that section were anxious to back Whistler against Acton, and allow him expenses to wrestle in that section. Whistler accordingly accepted Acton's challenge and proposed to wrestle in any city west of Philadelphia. Acton refused to wrestle in any place except in New York or Philadelphia, and the proposed match fell through for the time being. In the meantime Whistler and Cannon were engaged by a variety show and they came east, arriving at the Quaker City. Again Whistler proposed to wrestle Acton and a series of challenges and counter challenges followed. Whistler finally posted \$100 with the POLICE GAZETTE and agreed to allow Acton \$100 for expenses to wrestle in New York. Chambers at once forwarded the news of war, the representatives of the champions met at the POLICE GAZETTE office and subscribed to articles of agreement binding them to meet and wrestle at Madison Square Garden on December 18. On that date over three thousand persons were present to witness the contest, and the receipts at the doors were nearly \$1,400. Shortly after eight o'clock Edwin Bibby was chosen referee. James Pilkington was umpire for Whistler and Arthur Chambers was umpire for Acton. Both athletes were attired in tights and trunks and were naked from the waist up. Whistler displayed the greater muscular development and there is not the least doubt but that he is more powerful than Acton. The latter, however, is an expert at this catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling, and no doubt could teach Whistler several points, locks and catches. Prior to the match Whistler had been a heavy favorite and offers made to back him went begging. A large amount of money was laid in New York on the result, and in fact in every city in the country, especially in Kansas City hundreds of dollars were wagered. Just before the men began the struggle, Acton's many admirers made him the favorite and Whistler's friends were bet to a stand-still. The contest commenced at 8:30 and the crowd watched the struggle with eager interest. From the start Acton had to do all the work, Whistler assuming the defensive tactics. Acton tried every trick and device known in wrestling but Whistler would not wrestle on the offensive but lay on all fours trying to tire Acton out. It was impossible for Acton to gain any advantage on Whistler, as the latter was by far the more powerful. Several times Acton secured a firm hold of Whistler when the latter would stand up, but the moment Whistler was in danger he would fall to the ground and lay there in a crouching position. Acton was always on the offensive, and Whistler would not wrestle. He appeared afraid to take any chances. The contest might have lasted all night, and Acton knew it. There is no rule that would compel Whistler to change his modus operandi. Acton was always on top and he always had the advantage, but he could not throw Whistler because in the first place he lacked the strength to lift his antagonist, who weighed 170 pounds while his own weight is only 150, and he would have thrown away his chances and his backers' money if he made the attempt, besides exhausting himself needlessly. If Whistler had wrestled and had done the same amount of trying that Acton did a fall might have been gained, but Whistler did not do so, and after a dismal exhibition had been made the referee allowed the athletes to call it a draw. The rivals struggled for one hour and forty-seven minutes, and both were exhausted, for the struggle had been a genuine one and Acton was eager to win, but Whistler's tactics made a decisive result impossible. The crowd hissed and yelled when the referee announced the conclusion through Pop Whittaker, the speaking trumpet. The contest would result the same way nine times out of ten if Whistler pursued the same course. Acton is no doubt the most accomplished wrestler we have ever seen, and if he were as powerful as Whistler there is no doubt that he could defeat him. At the POLICE GAZETTE office on Dec. 19, Acton, with Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards, the retired light-weight champions, James Pilkington, Jacoby and a host of others met to draw the stakes. Richard K. Fox gave Acton and Chambers a check for one thousand dollars, and he also gave Jacoby a check for \$300 and James Pilkington a check for \$700, making a total of \$2,000 which he held. Acton did not state that he would wrestle Whistler again, neither did either of Whistler's backers make any proposition for a new match. As the matter stands Acton is \$100 ahead and Whistler \$100 out, as the latter had to give Acton \$100 to wrestle in New York. Whistler will probably challenge Muldoon, Duncan C. Ross or Bauer before he again attempts to wrestle Acton. Richard K. Fox, the final stakeholder, said that in regard to the match not being for \$1,000 a side, that he will bet \$10,000 to \$5,000 that he held the money and paid it over, which his check-book and receipts show.

CLARENCE WHISTLER has not yet given up the idea that he can throw Joe Acton. On Dec. 20 James Pilkington, Whistler's staunch backer, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, deposited \$100 with Richard K. Fox and left the following challenge for his champion:

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Sir: I am not satisfied with the ending of my recent wrestling match with Joe Acton for \$1,000 a side at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 18. I was overtrained and that is the reason I failed to win a fall. Now I challenge Acton to wrestle me again, catch-as-catch-can for \$1,000 a side and the championship of America, and I will allow him \$250 for expenses to wrestle in Kansas City, four weeks from signing articles, Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be final stakeholder. Now I allowed Acton \$100 to wrestle in New York and if he is the champion, as the press claims, he should at once agree to arrange a match. To prove I mean business my backer, James Pilkington, has posted \$100 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE and I shall be ready to meet Acton or his backer at the above office any day he shall name to post \$150 more and sign articles to wrestle for \$1,000 a side.

CLARENCE WHISTLER.

A COCKING main was fought between Pennsylvania and New Jersey on Dec. 20, each party to show seven cocks between 4lb. 6oz. and 5lb. 10oz., for \$200 a side and \$1,000 on the odd fight. Pennsylvania won, score 4 to 3.

A PRIZE fight for \$250 was decided at Pittsburgh on Dec. 20. The principals were John Gilson, a Swede, and J. Persenhausen, a German. After contending for ten rounds, during which both men were badly punished, a draw was decided upon.

The glove fight between John L. Sullivan and James Elliott, which was to have been fought at Chicago, Ill., on Dec. 22 was prohibited by the authorities.

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